

The Sketch

No. 737.—Vol. LVII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE AS A REPORTER AND MR. AUBREY FITZGERALD AS A SUFFRAGETTE,
IN THE PREHISTORIC LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, GIVEN AT THE RECENT MATINÉE AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios; Prehistoric Trafalgar Square and Dog by "The Sketch."



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND"

London.

"Albums."

In nine-tenths of the lists of suggested topics for discussion submitted to me recently, in reply to my invitation, I came across the word "Albums." This is not a very inspiring word. Relentless and uncompromising, it stands and stares at one with heavy, stupid eyes. "Albums"—just like that. If I say anything about albums, it is almost certain to be unkind. I do not like albums. The sight of one, lying innocently upon a table, makes me feel hot and uncomfortable. I remember the idiotic things I have written in albums, from time to time, at the request of their owners. Here is a sound piece of advice: Never write in an album after dinner. A verse or a sentiment that you would discard without hesitation in the level-headed morning hours will often seem quite brilliant after dinner. Again, before you write in an album, no matter what the hour, just glance through the pages and read some of the stuff that previous victims have placed above their signatures. The majority of them, you will find, have been content to crib from the classics; but, by the mere act of writing down the verse or the sentence, and adding their initials, they identify themselves for ever with the views expressed. There are lots of things in Byron to which no careful man should append his initials.

A Solemn Warning.

I know a man who very nearly got himself into serious trouble through being sufficiently weak and good-natured to write in an album. He was a great admirer of Byron, and when a pink, scented page, with forget-me-nots crawling about in one corner and a heart balancing itself on the point of an arrow in the other, was suddenly thrust under his nose, he could not resist the temptation. He took the gold-nibbed pen, ready inked, that was handed to him, and wrote these lines—

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

He stuck his initials at the foot, just as though he had made it all up himself, added the date, let it dry, and then handed it back to the beauteous owner. Unfortunately, the beauteous owner was married, and her husband was a very jealous sort of person. He came across the verse one Sunday afternoon when he was staying indoors with toothache, and recognised the initials. As luck would have it, his wife and the owner of the initials had taken the dogs out for a run. They were out, moreover, longer than they expected. When they returned, the jealous husband was seeing red.

A Terrible Scene.

He took my poor friend into his study, shut the door very tight, and asked for an explanation. My friend, who is the simplest, most innocent creature in the world, thought his host was rehearsing for amateur theatricals. He said, "That's all right, old man; only it would be more effective, I think, if you hammered the table." His host replied, rudely, that he should know what to hammer when the right time came, and repeated, with emphasis, his demand for an explanation. My friend, seeing that this was not supposed to be funny, after all, argued at some length that the watch-dog was his watch-dog, and that it had, moreover, an honest bark. Not a bark of connivance, or of warning, but an honest, welcoming bark. His host retorted that that was all very well as far as it went, but that it didn't go far enough. If my friend's effusion referred to his own dog and his own home, why did he write it in an album belonging to the wife of another man? My friend replied, rather

foolishly, that his own wife hadn't got an album; whereupon his host replied, with some point, that, because you hadn't got something that you wanted at home, that was no reason why you should try to steal it from somebody else. My friend left the house without even touching the crumpets, and a friendship of four months' standing was shattered. So much for albums!

With Regard to Diaries.

If it is silly to write in albums, however, it is even sillier to keep a diary. There are three ways of keeping a diary. The first is to write down everything that you have done and thought during the day. In this way you build up a monument of folly that will prove equally damning whether it eventually falls into the hands of the police or of your biographer. Another way is to record all the pleasant things that have happened during the day. This is probably the worst possible kind of diary, because, when you come across it in after years, you will burst into tears to think how happy you were in the dear, dear days that have gone. (It is usual to add "never to return," but, to my exact mind, that seems a trifle redundant.) And the third way is to make a list of all the unpleasant things that have occurred. The great drawback to this method is that it keeps you out of bed when you ought to be getting your beauty sleep. Two hours' hard writing every night just before turning in is a severe strain on the constitution.

The Other End of the Wire.

I learn from my daily paper that the ladies on duty at the telephone exchanges have been giving subscribers gratuitous lessons in the art of using the telephone. In order to save time, subscribers are to say this and to do that. But why should the ladies in the exchange have it all their own way? Are they faultless? I think not, and the following little dialogue may be useful to any subscriber who has the courage to try it on his exchange—

Number So-and-so speaking: "Will you, please, when answering the telephone, endeavour to take an intelligent interest in the requirements of the subscriber? It is so discouraging to receive a reply in a voice almost indistinguishable on account of boredom. Do you understand?"

"Yes, certainly, I quite——"

"And if the subscriber with whom I wish to speak does not answer at once, will you kindly go on ringing for a minute or so instead of giving me the engaged signal?"

"Certainly. I shall be only too——"

"And if it occurs to you that we have been talking quite long enough, and that there cannot be anything in the world of sufficient importance to warrant our keeping the line open another moment, will you endeavour to remember that we have a perfect right to keep on talking till the crack of doom, if we feel inclined?"

"Oh, of course! I'm sure, I——"

"And if my house happens to catch fire, you won't keep me waiting for an answer while you tell Minnie Snuff about the little trouble you had with Emily Sniff on the way home last night, and that you are never going to speak to her again, the nasty thing, as long as you live, will you?"

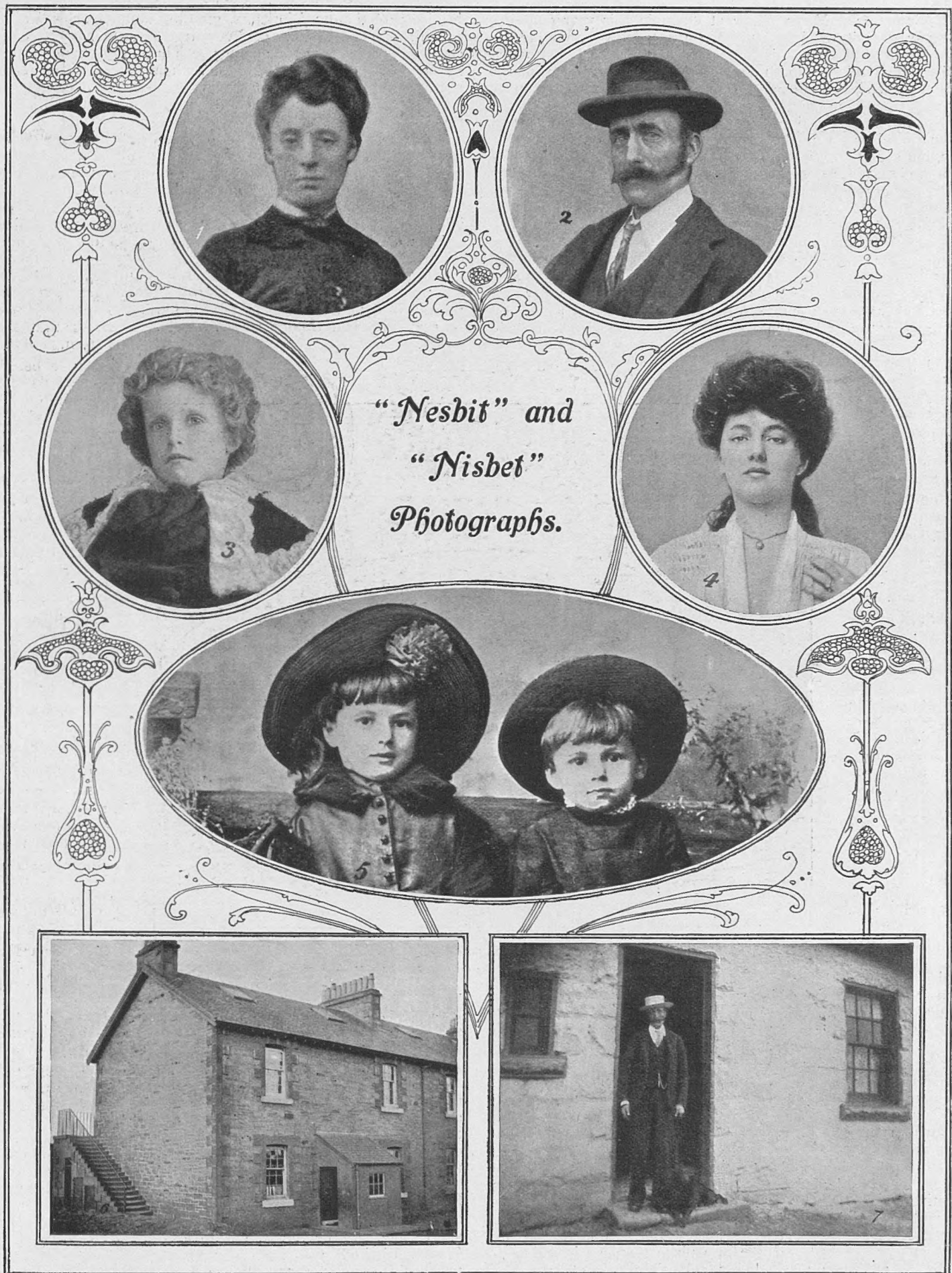
"Well! As if I——"

"And if I assure you that a certain office has twelve lines, and that it is open day and night, and that with perseverance, therefore, you are bound to get an answer sooner or later, you won't burst out laughing, and let me understand that you don't believe a word of it, will you?"

"Why, I never——"

"Thank you. That's all I wanted to say. Good-bye."

THE REPORT THAT MRS. HARRY THAW WAS BORN IN SCOTLAND.



1. MRS. NISBET, WIFE OF MR. DAVID NISBET, OF CASTLECARY, DUMBARTONSHIRE.

3. EVELYN NISBET, DAUGHTER OF MR. DAVID NISBET, OF CASTLECARY, AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

5. MRS. HARRY K. THAW AT THE AGE OF SIX, WITH HER BROTHER HOWARD, THEN FOUR YEARS OLD—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

6. THE HOUSE AT CREWE TOLL, EDINBURGH, FROM WHICH MRS. NISBET, WIFE OF MR. DAVID NISBET, OF CASTLECARY, WENT TO AMERICA WITH HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, EVELYN.

2. MR. DAVID NISBET, PLATELAYER ON THE RAILWAY AT CASTLECARY, WHO, IT HAS BEEN ALLEGED, IS THE FATHER OF MRS. HARRY K. THAW.

4. MRS. HARRY K. THAW, FORMERLY MISS EVELYN NESBIT.

7. MR. DAVID NISBET, OF CASTLECARY, AT THE DOOR OF HIS HOUSE.

A day or two ago there came from Scotland a remarkable story that Mrs. Harry Thaw, whose courageous defence of her husband has brought her so many adherents, is the daughter of a platelayer on a Scotch line, that she was born at Loanhead, and that she lived for a year or two at Crewe Toll, Edinburgh. This story was immediately denied in America, with the statement that it was baseless, that Mrs. Thaw was born at Alleghany, Virginia, and that she is the daughter of a lawyer. The story from Scotland was based on the fact that the wife of Mr. David Nisbet, the platelayer in question, suddenly left Edinburgh while her husband was at work, and emigrated to America with her little daughter Evelyn, who was then four or thereabouts, and is the same age as Mrs. Thaw, who was formerly Miss Evelyn Nesbit. It may be noted that Nesbit is more usually spelt Nisbet in Scotland.

Photograph No. 5 by the Gilliams Press Syndicate; No. 6 by George Thow.

COMMERCIAL MOTORS AT OLYMPIA.

THE Commercial Motor Show at Olympia this year contains many exhibits designed to take the place of horse-drawn vehicles and the noisy, unsightly, and road-destroying traction-engine, engineers in all parts of the world having evidently recognised that there is a demand for some means of road-transport quicker and more economical than the methods we have hitherto used. No one now questions the utility of the motor-car or the motor-'bus. A few may still object to their use on the public highway, but even these realise that we have to bring ourselves in line with modern ideas if we are to remain true to our best interests. From the ordinary motor-car to the motor-omnibus and motor-cab is a step which has already been taken, but the next and most important is the introduction of the motor-train for public roads.

In spite of our extreme conservatism in matters pertaining to traffic improvements, we are already familiar with trains of vehicles drawn by traction-engines. But these are not the latest methods. The new motor-train is essentially different. It is neither noisy nor unsightly, and, what is still more to the point, it is not a source of danger to other traffic on the roadway, as it is easily controlled. Indeed, it has already demonstrated its great utility in so marked a manner that its extensive adoption in this country may be regarded as a certainty of the near future. In France the motor train is an established success. The system is also in force in Austria, Holland, Spain, and many other countries, and wherever it has been tried the results are most gratifying.

This new road-train system, which is the exhibit of the Daimler Motor Company at the Olympia Show, is the invention of the late Colonel Renard, an eminent engineer officer of the French Army. His first patent was taken out in 1903, and one of his trains was exhibited at, and was one of the chief surprises of, the Paris Motor Exhibition of that year. In the following years, 1904 and 1905, M. Surcouf of Billancourt effected important improvements in the Renard train, which were protected by further patents. It is, indeed, the first invention that does full justice to the transport possibilities of the modern motor carriage. It completely solves a difficult problem. A Renard train is light, easy-running, and elegant, carrying its goods or passengers without material strain or damage to the roads, while the traction-engine is a slow, clumsy, inconvenient, and cumbersome contrivance that in these days of the triumph of the motor-car seems altogether out of place. Nothing now stands in the way of the equipment and working of motor-trains on the Renard system in this country. Indeed, when once the system has got well into operation the uses to which it can be put will be found to be endless. Agricultural areas that are now comparatively stagnant for lack of transport facilities between producing and marketing points will be rendered active, and in the great manufacturing centres Renard trains will be able to convey raw materials or finished textiles from place to place inland with little trouble and at a much lower cost than heretofore. The Renard system provides just the ready means of transport that is most needed. The cars are easy to load or unload, and there is such an even transmission of power that in the running all ordinary road difficulties are obviated.

A Renard train now to be seen daily running in Paris consists of an elegant light 2-ton locomotor and a train of three or four vehicles, sometimes entirely given up to goods and sometimes composed of both goods and passenger cars. Other Renard trains are in successful operation between Remiremont and Plombières, and between Boulogne, Ambleteuse, and Wimereux, with a regular service of four trains per day. Everywhere the Renard train has been tried the story is the same, and before long this new system of road-traction will be extended to all parts of France. The French Government, indeed, are so convinced of its public utility that the

Minister of Public Works is granting annual subsidies for the establishment of services of Renard goods and passenger trains in various departments of the country. The suitability of these trains for purposes of army transport has already been widely recognised not only in the French Army but by the armies of Germany, Russia, and many other countries, and their adoption by the British Army can only be a question of a little time.

All who have practically tested a Renard train are struck by its easy running, and this is explained by the fact that, by means of a connecting rod from the locomotor, power is transmitted to the driving axle of each vehicle, making each a self-propelling vehicle. In the case of a traction-train the whole strain is on the engine; in the Renard train an even distribution of power is secured at each point, which is an immense advantage as regards speed, lightness of running, steering, and the turning of curves. The mechanism of this motor-train is, too, so well arranged and carefully designed that the transit uphill or downhill or round double corners is accomplished with perfect ease and safety, and the movement is so graceful that there is nothing strange about it. The risks to road traffic, moreover, are much lessened where these trains are in operation.

There are two other advantages in favour of the Renard train.

In it the difficulties that have been such a serious drawback to the success of other motor-vehicles have been successfully overcome. For instance, in the Renard train there is no skidding and no sideslip; there is no undue wear - and - tear of roads caused, and therefore no legal difficulties are liable to present themselves; there is an absolute single-handed control from the locomotor; there is no fixed limit to the length or weight of a train; it is easy to back out of awkward or inconvenient positions; the breaking of a wheel or axle does not result in an accident; no accident occurs if a coupling should chance to break, the flexible transmission being in itself sufficient to prevent it; and a Renard train



THE RENARD MOTOR TRAIN.

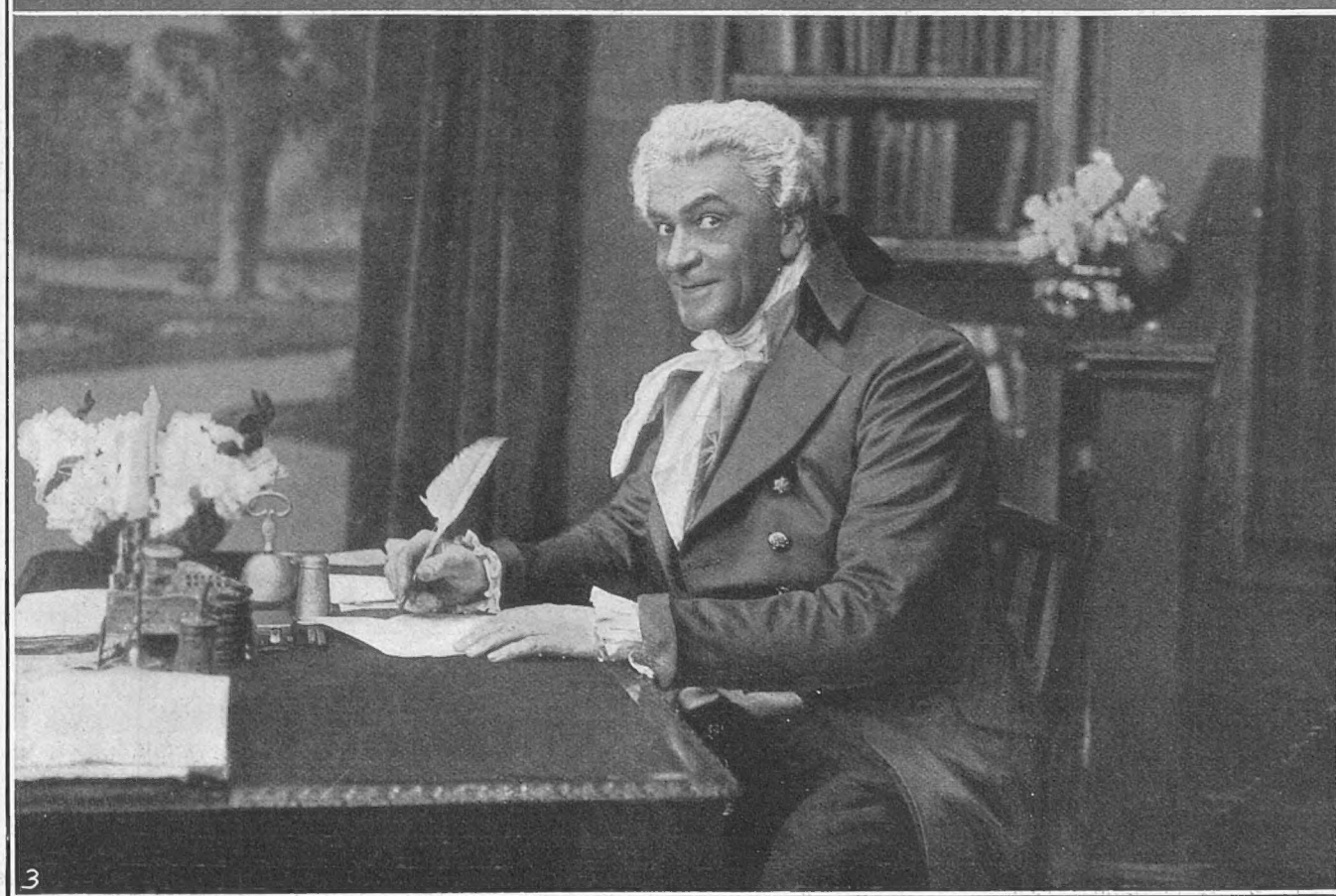
Exhibited on the Daimler Stand at the Commercial Motor Show at Olympia.

possesses the very great additional advantage of being able to travel over roads that would be impossible for very heavy traffic, such as traction-engines, owing to the weakness of bridges or the inadequacy of the road-foundations. The total weight of a loaded Renard train is so evenly distributed, and the passage over the surface of the road is rendered so light, that the heavy traffic risk disappears. Besides, there is no special strain at starting or stopping. And, most important of all, the first cost of establishing a Renard train-service is very low in comparison with the cost of other systems of road-traffic, while the expense of continued maintenance is also very small.

Now that the feasibility of the Renard system of road-traction has been fully and practically demonstrated, it may be safely concluded that its complete adoption in this country is but a matter of a very short time. In conjunction with the Daimler Motor Company (1904), Limited, who have secured the manufacturing rights, a powerful group of practical men are taking steps to further this end. Several Renard trains are now ready to be put into active service here, and before many months are past there is every likelihood of our seeing them in active operation in many parts of the country, as business men see in their use a reliable means of obtaining increased facilities of traffic, and at the same time cheapening the cost—an advantage that always appeals to the British man of business, especially in these days of gigantic business concerns, where the output is large, and the incoming and outgoing of goods form so serious a matter. Economy in these things will mean a corresponding increase of profit. In conclusion, we may add that further information regarding these trains can be obtained at the offices of the Renard Syndicate, Limited, 122, Victoria Street, Westminster, or of the Daimler Motor Company (1904), Limited.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN AS MR. BOURCHIER

PRESENTS HIM AT THE GARRICK.



1. MR. SHERIDAN (MR. BOURCHIER) MEETS ESTHER OGLE (MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE), WHO HAS COME TO HIS HOUSE AT WANSTEAD TO MEET HIS SON TOM, AND SHOWS A DECIDED INTEREST IN HER.

2. MR. SHERIDAN, HAVING PROMISED ESTHER THAT HE WILL DEAL WITH HIS MANY CREDITORS, CALLS THEM IN ONE BY ONE, AND CONTRIVES TO PAY THE FIRST, MR. BAINES (MR. LEONARD CALVERT), TO THAT WORTHY'S ASTONISHMENT.

3. MR. SHERIDAN WRITES A SONNET TO ESTHER OGLE, AN EFFUSION HE AFTERWARDS SENDS HER THROUGH HIS SON TOM.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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gramophone. It may safely be said that the gramophone is ubiquitous.
It is to be heard everywhere, and under every condition. Its popu-
larity is very evident, especially from the fact that the Gramophone
Company is continually issuing fresh records. Of those in the supple-
mentary list for March, special note may be made of Gounod's
"Funeral March of a Marionette," the Fire-music from the "Valkyrie,"
Miss Geraldine Farrar's singing of "Caro mio ben," Mr. Lewis Waller's
recitation of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," the Coldstream
Guards' band in the quartet from "Rigoletto," the "Raymond" Over-
ture, and other pieces. A lighter note is touched by, among others,
records of Miss Phyllis Dare singing "Rainbow," and Mr. Murray,
with a very Yankee chorus, singing "Waltz Me Round Again,
Willie," a song which Margaret Cooper has been giving at the Palace.
Other records are Mr. John Harrison singing "The Sea Hath Its
Pearls" and "Tom Bowling"; Mr. Evan Williams singing "Lend
Me Your Aid," "Dear, When I Gaze," and "When Roses Bloom";
Mr. Alan Turner giving "Love's Old Sweet Song," Mr. Robert
Radford in "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," Mr. Peter Dawson
in "I Fear no Foe," M. Mercadier in "Bon Jour, Suzon" and
"Si Vous m'Aimez Encore," Mr. Alfred Thomas in "Bargains,"
Mr. George Trainer whistling "La Grand Via," Mr. Paul Gerber
yodelling, Mr. Olly Oakley playing "Bolero" on the banjo, Mr. C.
Chapman giving "Little Nell Two-Step" on the bells, and Herr
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UTOPIA HUNTER

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"WHAT is there in the paper this morning?"
 "Nothing."
 "No news?"
 "Well," with a smile, "the rabbits in Australia have learned to climb."

Some such conversation you may hear every day. It shows, hopefully, the sense of humour which salts everyday life. The humour may be grim enough on occasion, as laughter during a trial for murder, or in the comic element in drunkenness; but, none the less, those passages in a newspaper which cover the world with a cloak of half-pathetic smiles are the most human, the most valuable.

One hears of people who seriously read the proceedings in Parliament, who wade through those speeches which are made only to obstruct and confine the business of the nation, and one finds that those very people are, as a rule, destitute of the saving grace of humour, else how could they ponder

on the ponderous, or nod gravely over the remarks of Mr. —?

One touch of Nature—there is the key to it. Day after day the police-courts unfold the dingy tapestries of life; day after day human stories are told to the world full of interest, often pathetic, terrible, or full of fun.

In point of fact few people are brave enough to laugh—the sense of personal dignity, of exaggerated vanity, turns us into solemn owls, owls who blink in the sun of true human interest.

There is such a thing as laughing on the wrong side of one's face—that is when things so happen that humour touches the sensitive quick of our vanity; and so it is that people guard themselves against things personal, and read and talk, with airy philosophy or high-sounding phrases, of things that do not matter a row of pins.

I was cheered by that story of the climbing rabbit; it did me good, it did everybody good who read of it; it made the newspaper alive that morning. There were columns, I believe, of tremendous political interest; but the sun was shining, and the flowers on my desk caught the sun, and my bullfinch was singing, and the climbing rabbit climbed for me in my imagination.

I make it a practice to cut out of the paper every day some one note of what I consider to be of vital interest, and I will admit that the cuttings vary in an extraordinary way.

Here is a cutting, for example, which caused me much pain at

first; indeed, it caused me a boiling anger until I saw the humorous pathos of it. The man evidently considered himself a seriously interesting person because of his disgusting and nauseating feat. I dwelt on this with horror until, suddenly, I saw how laughable it was that a human being on the green earth, with trees above him, and birds singing in the trees, could behave like a bad boy swollen with self-importance. For all this, I wondered how people could talk of the advance of civilisation, and also, where, I wondered, was the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?

MAN AS RAT-WORRIER.—John Catton, the Dewsbury coal-porter who recently created a record by eating a meal of 8192 peas and by eating 16,383 peas in thirteen days, is seeking new laurels as a "rat-warrior."

The rat is tied to a screw in the centre of a table, and Catton, with his hands tied behind his back, watches his opportunity and seizes the rat with his teeth and kills it. In a recent attempt he had to release his hold of the rat to escape being bitten, but in a second attempt he killed the animal. He is anxious to enter into a competition with another human rat-warrior in the district, the agreement being that whoever kills thirty rats in the shortest time shall be adjudged the champion.

One day, some little time ago, the cutting I took

from the paper was from the political side. I cut it out because of a letter I had by post on the same morning.

The cutting gave one a glimpse of red and angry politicians wasting time by hurling epithets across the House, dashing into columns of figures, obscuring the whole trend of their subject. It was on the question of the state of agriculture and the value of small holdings that this word-war was being waged. Nothing of the least importance was decided.

The letter I had beside me was from a small village in the Midlands, and it was a lament that the six strongest, best-charactered young men in the village had left for Canada within a few months.

The humour of the situation was obvious.

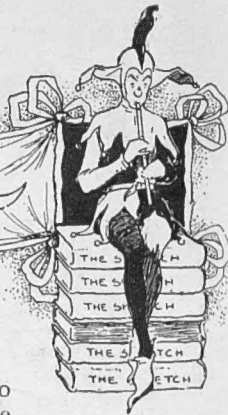
Of course, I should not deny that tears lie behind all true laughter, and occasionally brim over; but this very fact goes to show how important is a humorous point of view to the education in life we all need.

If I am a grumbler, as I am supposed to be, it is because people deliberately turn their backs on the garden and gaze in the gutter; because people will insist on frowning at my climbing rabbits, and dwelling with unctuous importance on the State of the Country. A little less pompousness and a little more keen human insight and the country might breathe freely.



[DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.]

THE AUTOMATIC CADDIE: A POSSIBILITY OF THE LINKS NOW THAT THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ACT EMBRACES EVERYONE.



THE CLUBMAN

THE AMIR'S PRAYING-MAT—HIS MAJESTY'S TITLE—THE PERSIAN PARLIAMENT—CAB-LADIES.

STORIES concerning the Amir's doings when in India are being told by travellers returned from the Far East. One of the minor difficulties his hosts had to encounter was the fact that the Amir never made any special preparation for prayer, but prayed just wherever he might happen to be at sunset. If that place chanced to be in the midst of a Viceregal garden-party, and if A.D.C.s had to be despatched post-haste to find a new carpet for his Majesty to kneel upon, it was all the same to the King. The men who knew the present Amir's father are amused to see that the directness of the old Prince has descended upon the new monarch. A suggestion that the Amir should not visit some barracks which he suddenly expressed a desire to see, because a barrack inspection was not down on his list of engagements for the day, drew from him the blunt remark, "Then they are dirty." The barracks were not dirty, but the tour round them which was at once undertaken dislocated a very carefully planned time-table.

There are two important sets of people in India who are not at all pleased with the Amir's visit—the Cawnpore mill-owners and the Native Princes. I believe it was a translation of an official document into Persian which first gave the Amir his title of "Majesty"; but, it having once been accorded, there was no possibility of taking it back, just as a slip of a royal tongue once changed a Mr. Mayor into a Lord Mayor; and the Amir crossed the frontier as a King. How galling this must be to ambitious men and great Princes like Scindia, who, had the British Raj not been in power, might have been as great a man as Akbar, can be imagined. They showed their resentment in quite polite but quite unmistakable ways. The Cawnpore millowners were much flattered with the intelligent interest the Amir took in cotton-spinning and the other industries of the place, but they are not so flattered now that they learn that the Amir intends to start mills in Afghanistan, and will in the immediate future make his own tents and the material for the summer clothing of his subjects.

I hope that our writers of librettos are keeping their eyes on Persia at the present moment, for if there is any comic-opera country on the face of the map, Persia nowadays is that unhappy land. There is a Parliament, many of the members of which refuse to sing the Persian equivalent of

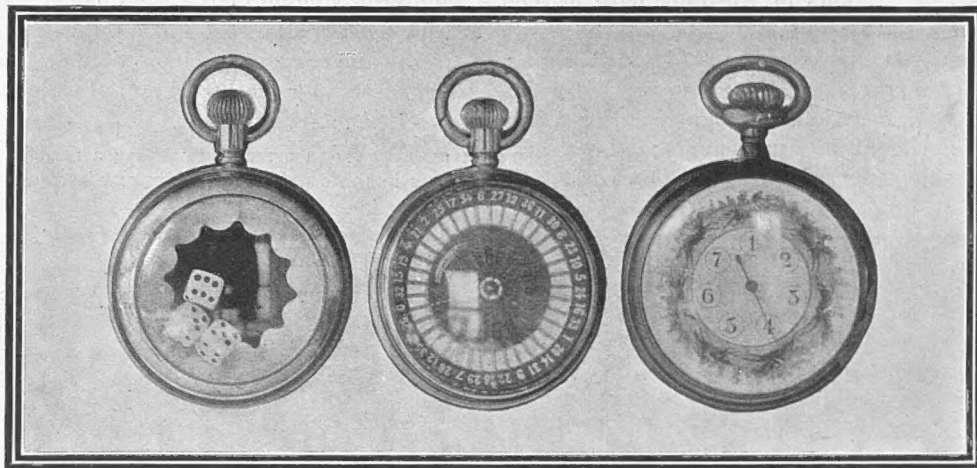
"God Save the King" when called upon to do so. This Parliament has recruited some Ironsides of its own, who drill before the Parliament House to give the members courage. The clergy go *en bloc* to a sanctuary, and lock themselves up for a few days, or a few weeks, if they are offended in any way, and the much-perplexed Shah reads a life of Charles I. in his leisure moments, in order to avoid, if possible, the mistakes the Martyr King committed. There is going to be a splendid row, a revolution, or a *coup d'état* presently in Persia.

The cab-women may be a sensation of the future for London. They have "caught on" in Paris, and quite the novelty of the moment is to be driven by one of the new cab-ladies. The Parisian cabbies have not the same fine, free flow of language that our men of the reins possess, but some of them have a pretty humour. The French

cabby who shaved off his moustache, put on a cloak and a hat with a feather in it, plied for hire, and, when his fares protested that they had wished to be driven by a woman, and not a man, lectured the fare and the crowd which collected on the unfairness of taking bread out of a man's mouth to put it into that of a woman was a fellow of some wit. I write "was" and not "is," for the French police are the only Parisians whose sense of the comicalities of life is imperfectly developed.

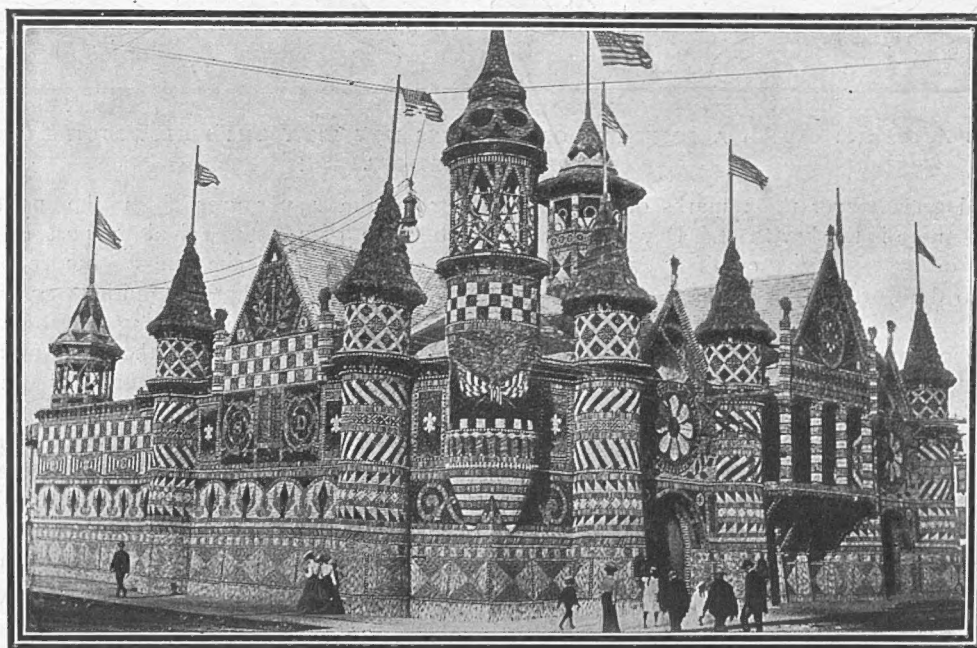
Perhaps, however, the life of a London cabman would be rather too strenuous for a cab-lady. In Paris, when beyond the range of sight of one of the policemen with silver bâtons the rules of the road are not strictly adhered to, and any foot-passenger who is unwise enough to be run over is prosecuted for obstructing the road. This makes the life of a Parisian cab-lady easy, if not joyous. But if the cabbess is not likely to be with us in this generation, I really do not see why the coachwoman should not flourish. The lady farmer has proved a distinct success, and there are quite a number of women of all classes in the country who drive very well. If I were a maiden lady of a certain age—which, it is needless to say, I am not—I think I should suffer fewer

tremors when out driving if I knew that a good, steady, reliable woman was on the box of my carriage, and not a man who might possibly be thirsty.



WATCH-POCKET GAMBLING DEVICES—DICING, ROULETTE, AND HORSE-RACING.

The dice are shaken up by winding the "watch"; the roulette machine is wound in the same way; the horse-race is started by pressure on the winding-knob.



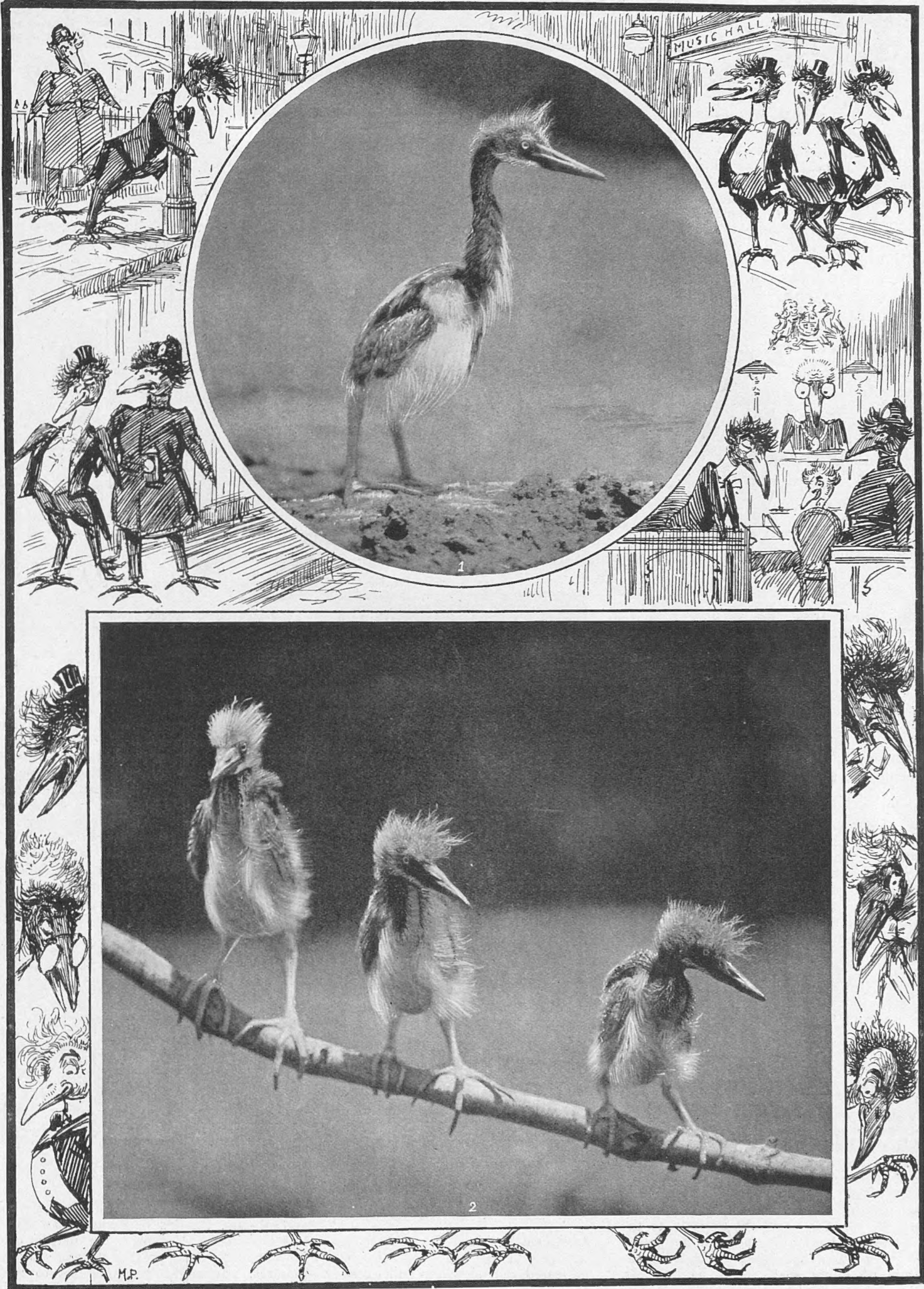
A PALACE OF CORN AND GRASSES: A REMARKABLE STRUCTURE AT MITCHELL, SOUTH DAKOTA.

The Palace, which is 100 feet by 140 feet, stands in the heart of the city, and it is furnished entirely with articles made of corn. Seven hundred bushels of corn were used for the exterior decoration. The building is designed to illustrate the agricultural possibilities of South Dakota, and is permanent.

Photograph by the Union Bureau of News.

STUDIES OF HUMAN EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS.

VI.—THE “DISSIPATED” LOUISIANA HERON.



1. COMING HOME WITH THE MILK.

2. "WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING."

Photographs by Julian A. Dimock.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"MY DARLING"—"THE GREAT CONSPIRACY"—"HEDDA GABLER"—"MR. SHERIDAN."

APPARENTLY "My Darling" is not everybody's darling, for I have read some unkind remarks upon the new Hicks-Haines piece. Yet it certainly pleased the audience, and aims at nothing higher: if no better than other successful works of its kind it is no worse. Originality, or even mere novelty, would be delightful in such a play, but seem unattainable. Pretty dresses, handsome scenery, simple humour, far-fetched jokes, syrupy sentiment, and blatant patriotic songs are the customary ingredients, and they may be found abundantly in "My Darling," which the old birds look upon as a version of "Pink Dominoes." There is almost a novelty in the pathetic scene between the wicked repentant Sylvanie and Joy Blossom, in which Miss Beryl Faber made a hit by excellent acting. Of course, there are plenty of popular favourites in the company, such as Miss Marie Studholme, Miss Alice Hollander, and Mr. McArdle, who has chief burden as low comedian; Mr. Henry Lytton, an admirable artist, who deserves better tasks; and Mr. Armand Kalisz, a newcomer in the Farkoa line. So, after all, even if "My Darling" is not everybody's, she will find thousands to be fond of her, and probably will run longer than most masterpieces.



NINA IN "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER" ON TOUR:
MISS DOROTHY GRIMSTON.
Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

"Hedda Gabler" at the Court revived thrilling memories in the breast of the older critics, of the happy days of strife. Nowadays it is, of course, accepted, and people say they like it or dislike it, and even admit themselves puzzled by some aspects, but they no longer deny its quality. People who count don't do such things nowadays. Mrs. Campbell in some respects is the ideal Hedda—not physically, indeed, according to the author's idea, for he demanded a blonde; but her representation of boredom was perfect, and in the quieter scenes the study of character was very fine, though she took the play too slowly. Unfortunately, she carried the boredom a little too far; Hedda does wake up for a while, and I have vivid memories of Miss Robins as the

picture of the excited, timid creature, driven by love to courage; the cleverness of her work confirms the opinion formed on seeing her in "The Cassilis Engagement" that she is an actress of quite unusual quality. The George Tesman of Ibsen is one of the finest studies in literature of the simple, tedious, excellent man of books, and Mr. Trevor Lowe presented him perfectly; the only criticism one could pass was that he seems a little tall. Lövborg is a character of vast difficulty, which Mr. Laurence Irving did not completely master. In many respects his work was very clever, but he did not give the rather dreamy, poetical note that is essential, and possible too, for Arthur Elwood gave it. Perhaps the Judge Brack of Mr. Hearn, by reason of its slightly provincial note, is truer than that of Mr. Charles Sugden. Certainly his was a striking performance, without, however, sufficient force being given to the undercurrent of cynical humour.



LADY MARIAN IN "ROBIN HOOD" ON TOUR:
MISS MARY POLINI.
Photograph by Rita Martin.

Miss Gladys Unger's play, "Mr. Sheridan," had an enthusiastic reception. Miss Unger was rash in choosing the great dramatist as her subject, but handled it tactfully, and has produced a costume comedy without the melodramatic note generally considered necessary. There is nothing wonderful about the play, but the treatment is easy and agreeable, the dialogue has a number of bright lines, and the curtain to the third act delighted everybody. The author has avoided a number of pitfalls. The play shows instinct for the stage rather than dramatic invention, and there is plenty of dexterity in handling scenes and situations that interested the audience, even if the critics contested their novelty. The amiable picture of Sheridan, who thinks himself middle-aged, and has given up ideas of love, suddenly growing young through the smiles of pretty Miss Ogle is quite charming. Perhaps Mr. Arthur Bouchier's brogue was a little bit hard, and he seemed rather stiff and restrained for the real "Sherry," but his work was a skilful study of character. Miss Alexandra Carlisle brought too much of her Carlotta into the part of Miss Ogle, and her laugh requires some subduing; but her cleverness, youth, and beauty were irresistible. The play mainly rested on these; still, Miss Nancy Price, if somewhat farcical in one scene, diverted the house by her airs and graces as Miss Montmorency; and several minor parts were excellently acted, notably by Miss Helen Rous, Miss Pamela Gaythorne, and Messrs. Charles V. France, Lawson Butt, and Goodhart. Moreover, the play is charmingly mounted, and presented some very pretty pictures. It might be judicious to remove several lines not really attributable to Sheridan, and persuade Miss Unger to alter the duelling scene so as to render it rather more thrilling.



THE NEW OSCAR STEPHENSON, MR. WALTER HAMPDEN IN "THE PRODIGAL SON," AT THE ADELPHI.
Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

I hardly expected to see Mr. John Hare in a play like "The Great Conspiracy," since, during a long term of management, although, like others, he has made mistakes, he has shown a desire to produce drama worth serious consideration. No one can put the play, adapted by Mrs. Ryley from "La Belle Marseillaise," into such a category. It may succeed as an entertainment on account of the gorgeous gowns, the fine scenery, the notable cast, and the great explosion in the first act; but the success will not enhance the reputation of anybody, and I doubt whether it will be attained unless some of the scenes between Napoleon and Jeanne are shortened. Of course, Mr. Hare played cleverly as the Corsican ogre—one cannot imagine him playing otherwise; but the result seemed to me to suggest the attempt of a miniature-painter or a Meissonier to paint a poster: there was a great deal of fine detail, without the catchy, flaring mass effect essential. Miss Irene Vanbrugh had a very big task in the part of the incredible heroine, and played some of the scenes admirably, noticeably the piece of melodrama in the second scene of the second act. That final business of the beating on the door and the appeals to the hero to return has rarely been done better. I have seen it a good many times in the past, and no doubt shall see it again. Mr. Henry Ainley really had a poor part as hero, of which he made the most. What a lot of clever people there are in the cast who are quite unable to make a "hit"!

awakened Hedda. Mrs. Campbell, however, was over-subdued. It is to be feared that slowness and excessive restraint become characteristic of her. Still, her Hedda is very interesting. The Mrs. Elvsted of Miss Evelyn Weeden was a very clever

MRS. MARK HAMBOURG.

MR. MARK HAMBOURG.



MRS. MARK HAMBOURG, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS PIANIST, AND HER HUSBAND, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Mrs. Mark Hambourg was Miss Dorothy Muir-Mackenzie, daughter of Sir Kenneth Muir-Mackenzie, the permanent Principal Secretary to the Lord Chancellor, and Clerk to the Crown in Chancery. The wedding ceremony took place before the Registrar, in Mount Street, Berkeley Square, and the honeymoon is being spent in the South of France. Mrs. Hambourg is an amateur violinist of some note.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

SMALL
TALK

THE NEW VICE-CHAMBER-
LAIN OF THE HOUSEHOLD:
MR. JOHN M. FLEETWOOD
FULLER, M.P.

Photograph by Kate Praeger.

is curious that, though Mr. Fuller is a staunch Liberal, his mother is the sister of that equally staunch Conservative, Lord St. Aldwyn. Winchester and Christ Church and a Yeomanry commission form Mr. Fuller's history till he went out to India as aide-de-camp to Lord Elgin, then Viceroy. Mrs. Fuller, who bears the pretty names of Norah Jacintha, is one of the charming daughters of Mr. C. N. Phipps, of Chalcot, head of a very ancient Wiltshire family, in which the name Jacintha is traditional. Mr. Fuller's sister is married to Mr. C. E. Hobhouse, who has just been appointed Under-Secretary for India.

*Mr. Fuller's
Duties.*

As Vice-Chamberlain, Mr. Fuller will be in attendance at all great

functions, more particularly on Queen Alexandra, whom it is his special privilege to conduct to and from her carriage. He is always sworn of the Privy Council, and wears a beautiful uniform; for the rest, he will assist Lord Althorp, the Lord Chamberlain, in the management of the Royal Household. Practically, however, he will continue to act as one of the Liberal Whips in the House of Commons; the chief difference to Mr. Fuller will be that whereas he was an unpaid Lord of the Treasury, he will now draw the eccentric salary of £904.

*The Order of
the Golden
Fleece.*

A most curious and interesting

exhibition is to be held at Bruges in June, illustrative of the Order of the Golden Fleece, and King Edward has graciously consented to contribute a number of unique memorials from the royal collections at Windsor. His Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught are all Knights of the Spanish Order. The Golden Fleece was originally founded by Philip

le Bon, Duke of Burgundy and the Netherlands, in 1429, and it is a matter of history how the Emperor Charles VI. and King Philip of Spain, in the eighteenth century, quarrelled for the possession of it. In vain England, France, and Holland interceded. The dispute was never really settled, so that there are to this day two Orders of the Golden Fleece, the one Austrian and the other Spanish. The insignia are slightly different; but the characteristic gold sheepskin, hanging on a

gold-and-blue enamelled flintstone, emitting flames of fire, and borne in its turn by a ray of fire, is the same in both.



WIFE OF THE NEW VICE-
CHAMBERLAIN OF THE HOUSE-
HOLD: MRS. FLEETWOOD
FULLER.

Photograph by Kate Praeger.



THE CAT PRESENTED TO MONSIGNOR MONTAGNINI BY
THE POPE, AND NOW LOST.

It will be remembered that Monsignor Montagnini was recently expelled from Paris for aiding the resistance to the taking of inventories in churches. Almost at the same time the famous cleric lost his yellow-and-white cat, Coucy, which was a present from the Pope, and of which he was extremely fond.

*Cavan's
Lieutenant.*

Mr. Thomas Lough, M.P., who has just been appointed his Majesty's Lieutenant for County Cavan, in succession to the late Colonel Saunderson, is better known to Londoners as a genial tea merchant, a popular speaker on Liberal platforms, and for years the elect of Islington. Moreover, he holds the Under-Secretaryship for Education in the present Government. Yet he is also an Irishman by birth and descent, and has a place in Cavan, Drom Mullac by name, so that his appointment to his new office, the chief duties of which are to nominate magistrates for the county, will be very popular. Though an earnest Wesleyan, Mr. Lough is not afraid to dwell, when in London, in the Anglican atmosphere of Dean's Yard, Westminster. He is an ardent Home Ruler.



THE POST-MISTRESS OF BROAD HINTON DELIVERING LETTERS: MISS A. L. HICKS
ON HER SPECIALLY TRAINED HORSE.

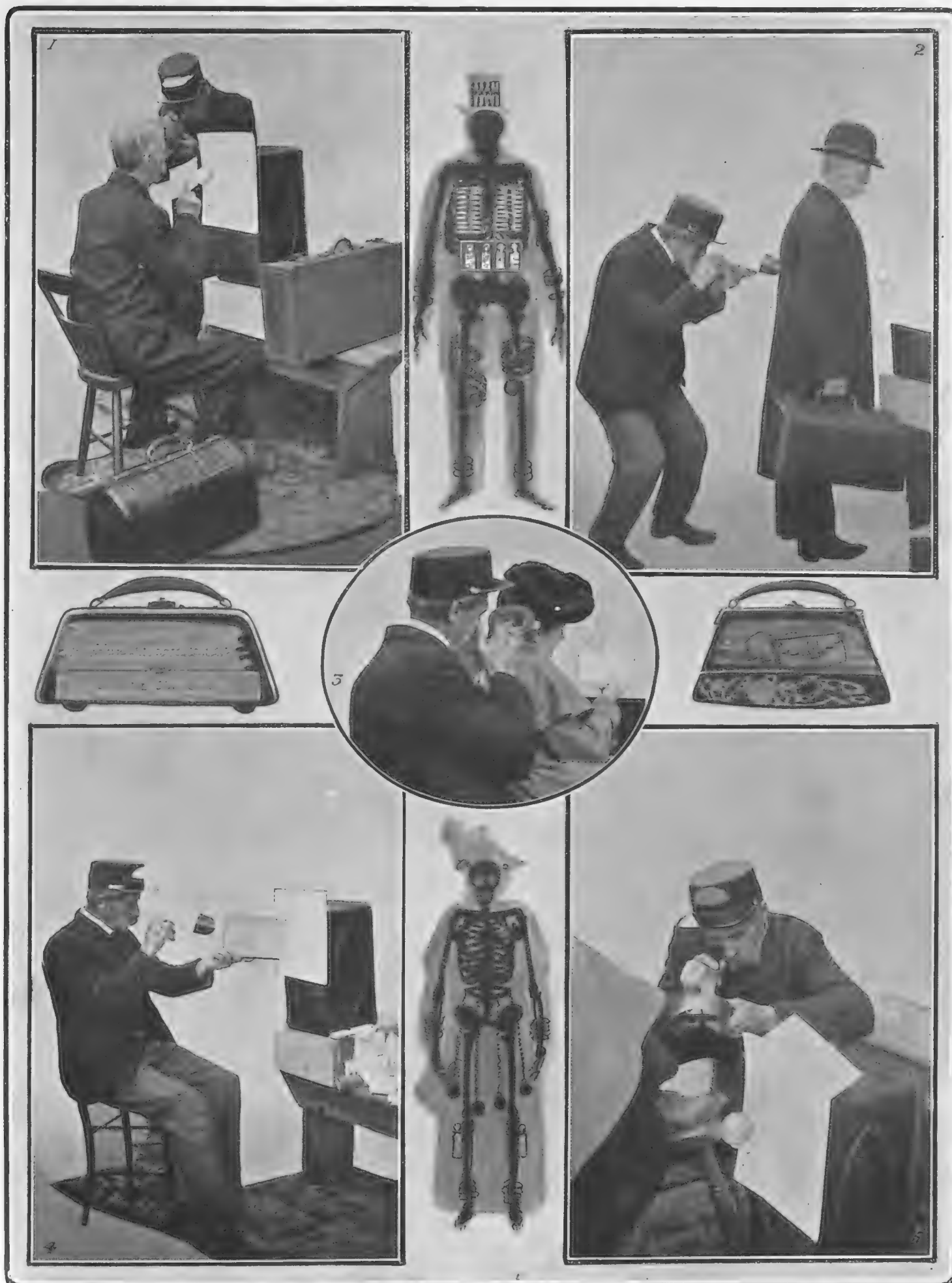
The Post-mistress of Broad Hinton, Swindon, has delivered letters to outlying farms in the manner shown for the past eleven years. The full round is thirteen miles a day, and some of the farms are on the wildest and most exposed parts of the Wiltshire Downs. Miss Hicks' horse has been specially trained for the work, and is particularly clever in opening gales, a trick that makes it unnecessary for its rider to waste time by dismounting. [Photograph by W. H. Chivers.]

*A Parisian
Centenary.*

The Paris Theatre Varieties is celebrating its centenary by an amusing review. One of the sensations of the programme is the Matchiche, danced by the well-known actress, Mlle. Polaire, and that accomplished and nimble comedian, M. Max Dearly. The Variétés belongs to the life of Paris more than any other theatre. One of its greatest pillars was Brunet. Brunet had an extraordinary talent for playing comedy. He used to play it at school and dress himself up in a sheet for the purpose. The master tried to beat it out of him, to no purpose. On the very day when the Allies marched to Paris, after the downfall of the great Corsican, many officers of the foreign regiments hastened to the Variétés to see Brunet play. He was as imperturbable as ever, and played with all his verve and entrain.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD !



1. LOOKING FOR ARTICLES SMUGGLED UNDER THE TONGUE WITH THE X-RAY APPARATUS. 2. THE CUSTOMS OFFICER DISCOVERS GOLD CHAINS HIDDEN BENEATH A TRAVELLER'S CLOTHES.

3. EXAMINING A WOMAN'S HAIR FOR HIDDEN JEWELLERY.

4. A PACKAGE MARKED "BOOKS" IS FOUND TO CONTAIN A JEWELLED BUCKLE.

5. LOOKING THROUGH THE SHOES IN SEARCH OF CONTRABAND.

FINDING SMUGGLED ARTICLES BY MEANS OF THE X-RAYS: THE CUSTOMS USING A NEW WEAPON TO DETECT FRAUD.

Our photographs show the Customs authorities of New York testing a new invention, by which the X-rays are made to help them by revealing smuggled articles. By the system in question, every passenger on board a vessel from a foreign port has to pass in front of an X-ray apparatus, and subject himself to examination. For the purposes of the first trial 167 people were examined in three-quarters of an hour, and on them were detected readily the jewels and other dutiable things hidden about some of them for the purposes of the test.—[Photographs by the Union Bureau of News.]



BEARER OF THE G.C.B. TO PRINCE
HENRY OF HOLLAND; PRINCE
ALEXANDER OF TECK.

Photograph by Thomson.

Alfonso's example is, of course, followed by all those Spanish motorists who frequent Biarritz-la-Belle! King Edward is making excursions to all the old-world spots of interest in the neighbourhood, and the great landed proprietors are each and all eager to welcome his Majesty in their châteaux.

*Better than
Riches.*

Prince Alexander of Teck, whom the King deputed to carry to the Hague the Order which he has bestowed upon Prince Henry of Holland, has this in common with the Prince—that he has to make a sovereign go as far as the rest of us. His parents were a devotedly happy couple on not too much a year, and Prince Alexander, though his beautiful Princess brought a handsome dowry, has lived a happy, care-free life on as little. Geniality, good-nature, and sunniness of temperament are the distinguishing features of the Teck family. This generation has the merry philosophy of the father and the kindly disposition of the mother, and would as cheerfully, if occasion arose, face an empty pocket as did their father. "Here am I," the latter once said, "the grandfather of the future King of England, and how much pocket-money do you think I have to last me for another month?—fourteen and eightpence!"

MASTER ARCHIE ROOSEVELT, SON OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, WHO IS SERIOUSLY ILL.

Photograph by Waldon Farwell.

*England's Imperial
Guest.*

The Empress Alexander—for so the Tsar's mother, following the example set by the Empress Frederick, prefers to be called—has not been in this country for many years; in fact, not since she and the late Emperor paid a memorable visit to the then Prince and Princess of Wales at a time when the two lovely sisters were in the full zenith of their early grace and beauty. Her Imperial Majesty shares our popular Queen's wonderful look of youth, and not even the many sorrows which have overwhelmed the Russian Court of late have left any

trace on the perfect features and exquisite figure of the Empress-Mother. A peculiar tenderness has always bound the two royal sisters; and together they have lately purchased, and intend to inhabit for a few weeks of every year, a charming estate in Denmark. The close link between Queen Alexandra and the

Empress Alexander was shown when the late Emperor was dying, for the then Prince and Princess of Wales hastened to far-off Livadia in order to console and support his heart-broken wife.

A Privileged Peer. Lord Forester shares with one other Peer, Lord Kinsale, the curious privilege of being allowed to remain with his head covered—in other words, with his hat on—in the Sovereign's presence. This quaint right, which, it need hardly be said, is very rarely exercised, was granted to one of Lord Forester's ancestors by Henry VIII. The present head of the house is a typical English country gentleman, a keen horseman and sportsman, and devoted to his beautiful country estate, Willey Park, Shropshire. Lord Forester is the age of the King, but he married three years later than did his Majesty, and so he and Lady Forester celebrated last year the fortieth anniversary of their wedding-day.

The Lion's Cubs.

Unfeigned sympathy with his parents has been aroused by the dangerous illness of Archibald Roosevelt, the President's third son. These boys all have their peculiarities. Theodore is the wit and practical joker of the family. Kermit has the autograph-fever. Archibald loves policemen and soldiers. He has also that love of the open-air life which possesses his father, and to see him doubling through the woods, guiding a mounted orderly to the country home of his father, is not at all uncommon. At Washington, if he is not gardening with Kermit, or putting Quentin through his facings, he will be found exchanging confidences with one or other of the mighty guardians of the peace who seem to grow upon every tree in the White House grounds. Archie has been the unlucky boy of the family since Theodore recovered from his nervous breakdown. He has twice been ill.



OUR ZEALOUSLY GUARDED ROYAL VISITOR:
THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Many are the precautions that are being taken to render the Dowager Empress of Russia's visit to her sister, our Queen, safe, and her Majesty is certainly one of the best guarded royalties in England just now. Her arrival especially was marked by great precautions—trains and boats were half an hour before their scheduled time, the railway and the railway bridges were well watched, and Dover Pier was cleared of all save officials.

Photograph by Levitsky.



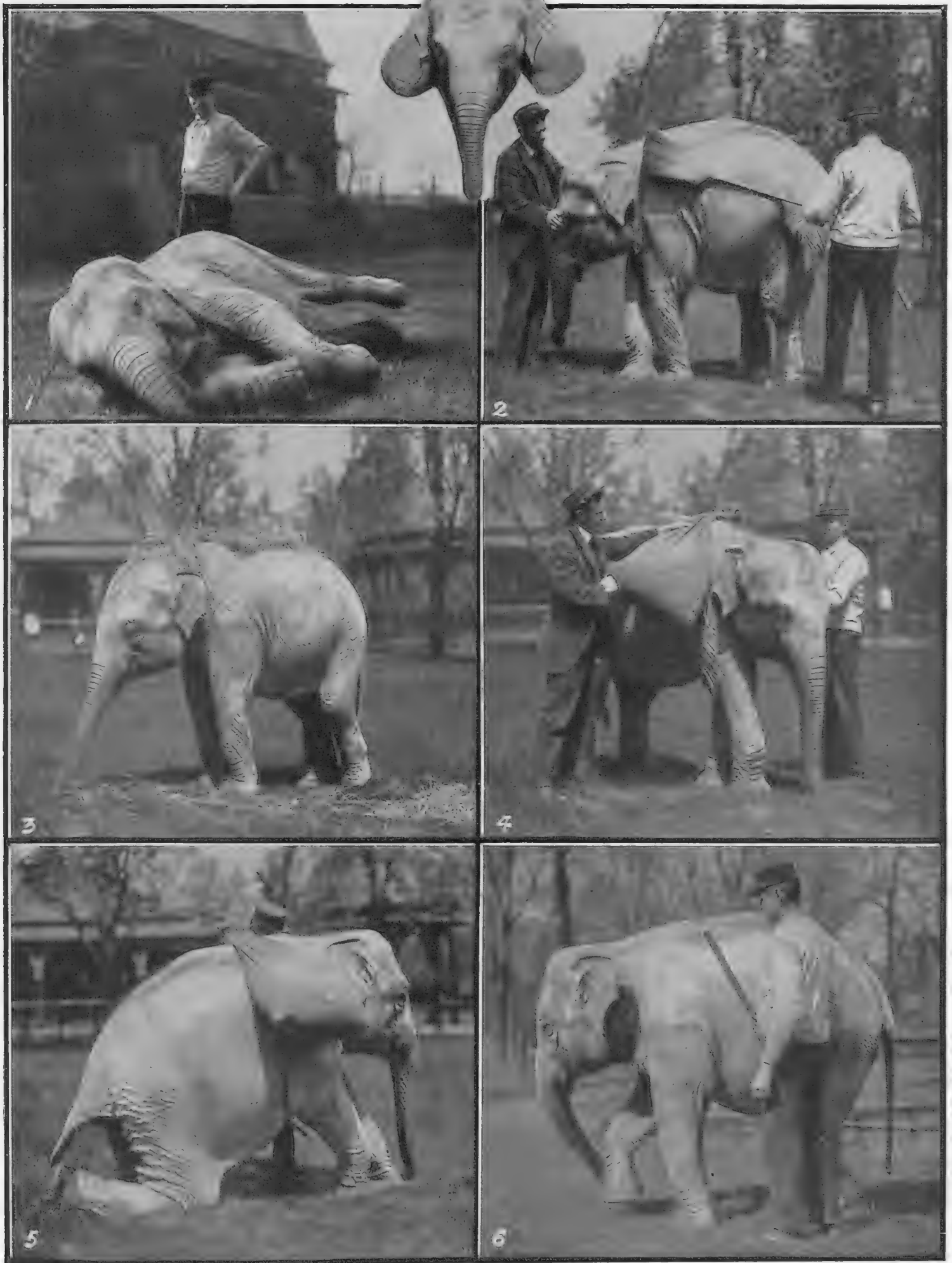
AN ALLEGED BROTHER OF THE KING OF SPAIN:
M. H. SANZ.

It is alleged that M. Sanz is the brother of the King of Spain, and that he and relatives are bringing a law-suit against the Spanish royal family. It is claimed that Alfonso XIII. has not fulfilled the terms of his father's will, which stipulated that a life-pension should be paid to the famous opera singer, Elena Sanz, and to certain of her descendants while they were minors. There was friction between the parties to the action a year or two ago.

Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.

CROWNS · CORONETS · & COURTIER

TRAINING A TWO-TON BABY TO CARRY BABIES: TEACHING A YOUNG ELEPHANT TO BEAR A HOWDAH.



1. A FREEDOM THAT SOON COMES TO AN END.

3. THE FIRST MOVE: HAY PLACED ON THE BABY ELEPHANT'S BACK, TO ACCUSTOM IT TO BEARING A BURDEN.

5. TEACHING THE ELEPHANT TO KNEEL WHILE ITS RIDERS MOUNT.

2. A BRUSH-DOWN BEFORE THE LESSON.

4. THE SECOND MOVE: BAGS OF HAY OR OATS (REPRESENTING A HOWDAH) SUBSTITUTED FOR THE LOOSE HAY.

6. A VERY NECESSARY LESSON IN THE ART OF WALKING SEDATELY.

It is not altogether an easy matter to teach a young elephant to carry a howdah. The first burden placed on its back takes the form of loose hay, which is soon shaken off and eaten; then follows one sack, replaced by two. At first these are thrown off, but, later, they are tied to the elephant's back and "baby" becomes accustomed to the burden. The next move is to substitute an empty howdah for the sacks. Then the elephant is taught to kneel while its riders mount, to walk carefully, and to raise its trunk to amuse its patrons. Our photographs were taken at the Zoological Gardens, Philadelphia.

Photographs by P J Press Bureau.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

2 Much. It is said to be impossible to overtake a lie. If a blunder—which is worse than a crime—be as speedy afoot as a lie, there will be rare work to overtake that one in a paper which has been advising the smoker how to non-smoke. "Rinse out the mouth with a 25 per cent. solution of nitrate of silver after each indulgence in tobacco," was the first prescription. Whether or not a man might smoke after that would depend upon the sort of life he had lived. For the dose prescribed was a frightful misprint. Five per cent, not twenty-five, was what the writer of the article intended. How many repentant devotees of the weed will have tried the cure—and never lived to read the correction? The author of the mistake may find consolation in the fact that there is every bit as bad a blunder in a standard biography. The recipe for the powder prescribed by Dover, from whose journal of voyages Defoe drew material for "Robinson Crusoe," is given in the work in question in terms excessive enough to poison an army.

A War-Made Fortune. Many columns of matter have come over the wires from the Continent within the past ten days, giving the opinions of men and journals on the article written by the Prime Minister on the approaching Peace Conference. If the news agencies of the world had to decide for peace or war—purely as a business speculation, and without reference to humanitarian considerations—which would they have? Probably they would say peace. War involves vast expenditure, and not invariably profitable return. One fortune of the sort, however, did originate with war. That was Baron Reuter's. Very largely the Crimean War made him. He had a little telegraph-office fitted up in his small back-garden in Finsbury Square, and thither came all that was new from the front. Even the Government dispatches were received in cipher there for transmission to Downing Street, and Cabinet Ministers would often wait with the enterprising Baron to learn the news which the wires would tell when the rest of London was sleeping.

A Blessed Handicap. It is convenient to be able to blame the printer for errors which occur in an article, but only those familiar with the inner side know from what blunders Master Printer from time to time manages to save us all. They say that the type-setting machines are killing the genius of the "comp." Merely becoming mechanical need not have

that effect upon your friend with the types. When Max Müller was getting out his edition of the "Rig-Veda," he was surprised to find corrections and queries marked upon the proof-sheets sent to him. Was there a Sanskrit scholar at the Oxford University Press helping him? No, there was not a man in the office who knew anything of the matter. The explanation was extraordinary. One of the compositors had had a slight attack of paralysis, which affected one of his arms. This made him a slow workman, but as he was also careful he was put on to Sanskrit. Now there are letters in Sanskrit which cannot follow each other without modification. Müller had sometimes forgotten to make these modifications. Consequently the paralysed arm, accustomed to make certain movements in setting, was thrown out of gear if any unusual combination of letters was formed. The limb felt the strain, and the brain of its owner knew that something was wrong, and noted the fact upon his proof. And he was always right in his marks, though he knew no more of Sanskrit than Sanskrit knew of him.



APPLES RIPEN IN THE SNOW: A FINE CROP OF FRUIT AT ANERLEY.

A crop of excellent fruit was picked from the tree shown last month. The same tree bore fruit under similar conditions in February 1906.

Photograph supplied by Holak.

Court and that of the Rolls as somewhat like a stage-coach, which, besides the skill of the coachman, requires the assistance of an able postillion to lead the horses and pick out the best

The Legal Postillion.

The post of Master of the Rolls, to which Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy has just been appointed, is one with whose duties and prerogatives the layman is naturally less acquainted than his legal brethren. Here is the definition of the office, as expressed by a former Lord Chancellor: "I look upon my Rolls as somewhat like a stage-coach, which, besides the skill of the coachman, requires the assistance of an able postillion to lead the horses and pick out the best parts of the road. Now, if I have got an ignorant, furze-bush-headed postillion he may over-set the coach and tumble us both into the ditch." The legal stage-coach is perfectly safe under the direction of the new Master, but, eminent as are his abilities, he must deny himself a privilege which one of his predecessors enjoyed. A Master of the Rolls of Macaulay's time was allowed to retain his seat in the House of Commons, a decision of the House almost inexplicable to-day. The reason was that Macaulay desired it, and his speech made the House desire it. It was a wonderful



DRYING THE HAIR AFTER SWIMMING: THE CURIOUS APPARATUS AT THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

The management of the New York Teachers' College is nothing if not up to date—witness the scientific method of drying the hair illustrated above. The apparatus, it will be noted, bears a striking resemblance to ship's ventilators.

Photograph by Byron.

feat on the part of Macaulay, and is cited by Lord Rosebery as one of the very few instances in which a speech in Parliament has really turned men from their own inclinations to those of the man addressing them.

TAKING MOTHER'S PLACE.



THOUGHTFULNESS; OR, THE DESERTED EGGS AND THE CONSCIENTIOUS CHICK.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ALREADY those of the Green Room have been heard to ask whether Mr. George Alexander's success in the L.C.C. election is but an earnest of his intention to seek a seat in "another place." If the popular actor-manager of the St. James's has Parliamentary aspirations, he will not be the first actor who has been elected to the Legislature, though it would not be altogether fair for the stage to claim Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P., on the score that he has been an actor, for he is above all things a novelist.

There was a time when rumour had it that Sir Henry Irving could have been elected for the Strand division had he chosen to stand, but he found it impossible to do so; while it is also said that the late Barry Sullivan could have had a seat in the Commons for the asking.

The real examples of actor M.P.s must be sought in the Colonies. Only a short time ago the late Hon. George Coppin, the then oldest actor on the English-speaking stage, was sitting in the Parliament of Victoria, as did Mr. Morton King, who was previously a well-known English provincial tragedian. During a Ministerial crisis the latter was invited to form a new Government, but was unable to do so, or the stage might have given a Premier to the Colony. On one occasion Mr. King was seen in a remarkable production of "Hamlet," acting the leading part, as he had done over and over again both in England and in Australia, and being supported in every one of the male characters by an M.P., with the result that the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, was packed from floor to ceiling, and the chief hospital in the city received a cheque for one thousand pounds.

Such is the lack of memory of the public in many ways that comparatively few playgoers are aware of the fact that Mr. Walter Reynolds, who was returned to the L.C.C. for Hampstead, used at one time to be an actor as well as author. One of his plays, "Sweet Innisfail," was toured for many years, while another, "The Sin of a Life," was acted a few years ago at the Playhouse, with Mr. Charles Warner in the leading part. Another member of the company was Miss Wallis, who is now Mrs. Reynolds and is the mother of Miss Nora Lancaster, who was recently acting with Mr. Tree during his provincial tour.

It is not often that actors change their names after they have acquired a certain

recognition, yet two West-End programmes are presenting this anomaly at present. Miss Mabel Trevor, who has just joined Mr. Cyril Maude's company at the Playhouse to play the part created by Miss Nancy Price in "Toddles," was until this engagement known as Miss Mabel Dubois. Her reason for the change is that

no one could ever pronounce the latter word, and, in consequence, she got called some very funny names, among them, by a curious perversion of syllables, "Miss Dubious." For the last two years she has been with Mr. Willard, eighteen months of the time being devoted to America, where, in consequence of that actor's fondness for répertoire, she has played in as many as seven different plays in a week. Before that, she was with Mr. Bouchier at the Garrick, where she understudied Miss Violet Vanbrugh in "My Lady Virtue," and played the part for ten days. She has also acted with Mr. Weedon Grossmith in "The Night of the Party," as well as with Mr. George Alexander, with whom she remained two years in town and country.

The other player whose change of name has to be chronicled is Mr. H. De Lange, who reverts to his old name after having played for a time as Mr. Harvey Long. It was no doubt the fact that he was always being given foreign parts which induced Mr. De Lange to seek a more English-looking name to be printed on the programme. The English name did not obscure the excellence of his acting; to the vividness of which in the small, highly coloured, and highly finished portraits to which he usually devotes his talent all connoisseurs of acting have paid their tribute of admiration.

The composition of Mr. Cyril Maude's company has been recently changed in another direction by the appearance of Miss Maud Hoffman in the part which used to be played by Miss Helen Ferrers, who is now at the

St. James's. Miss Hoffman has just returned from acting on tour the leading part in "Brigadier Gerard," a character she took up after her previous success as Leah Kleschna in the provinces. She is, however, by no means unknown to London, for she acted in "The Sign of the Cross," with Mr. Wilson Barrett; in "The Great Ruby," at Drury Lane; with Mr. Edward Terry, at Terry's; in the revival of "Dandy Dick," at Wyndham's; and she was with Mr. E. S. Willard when he produced "The Cardinal" at the St. James's Theatre, as well as in the other plays of his répertoire.

The number of interesting collaborations is constantly being added to, but none is assuredly more interesting than that which concerns the dramatisation of "The Viper of Milan," the exceedingly successful novel which has given Miss Marjorie Bowen so strong a hold on the imagination of the novel-reading public while she is yet a girl in her teens. Its dramatic qualities appeal to every reader, and now it is being turned into a play by her mother, Mrs. Vere Campbell, who, among other work, wrote "Rizpah Misery," in which Mr. Hermann Vezin and Miss Laura Johnson used to act.



A REMARKABLE STAGE SCENE: MLES. YVONNE DE BRAY AND MAUD AMY IN MME. JUDITH GAUTIER'S PLAY, "PRINCESSES D'AMOUR," AT THE VAUDEVILLE, PARIS

Our illustration is from a caricature by "Sem," and was originally published in the "Figaro" and "Je Sais Tout." The Press notices of Mme. Gautier's play were excellent. It will be remembered that a "tubbing" scene was one of the features of "Her Second Time on Earth," at the Adelphi.



GRAVE: MISS EVA KELLY (MRS. G. P. HUNTLEY) AS GRETCHEN IN "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



GAY: MISS EVA KELLY (MRS. G. P. HUNTLEY) AS GRETCHEN IN "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

Smiles in Seven Stages.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

TO the list of publisher-authors already given should be added the name of Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson, partner in Messrs. Brown, Langham, and Co., and author of "The Barony of Brendon"—"as pleasant and unpretentious a story as we have read for a long time," says the always discerning critic of novels in the *Athenæum*.

Publishers have sometimes had the anxious pleasure of publishing the books of their wives. The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," had a husband in Macmillan's; and Henry S. King, the publisher of Tennyson for many years, published also "The Disciples" and other poems by Mrs. Hamilton King, whom he had wooed and won because he so much admired her maiden manuscripts. Mr. Kegan Paul, who succeeded to the fine business of Henry S. King, was himself an author, and he published also one or two novels by his wife. He took for his partner Mr. Trench, himself the son of a literary Archbishop. The hostility between publishers and authors, reported and encouraged by the *Times*, must therefore, if it exists at all, be something even worse than civil war—a fratricidal strife.

The "Self-Help" style of biography has gone a little bit into the shade; it was so optimistic that the memory of it provokes mirth. We recall Samuel with Smiles. But the triumphs of Sir Richard Tangye, which Mr. Stuart Reid is to commemorate, may turn the tide; and we are to have, besides, a record of Mr. Crooks's career, "From Workhouse to Westminster," with a preface, worth all the money, from the pen of the ever entertaining Mr. Gilbert Chesterton.

The Life of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is to be written by her husband—so he says in a letter to the Press—or by some other pen he may "engage." A writer in the *Daily Chronicle* boggles at that word "engage." We "engage" a cook, he says with some asperity, and the Baroness's is one of the few biographies that will require no cooking. No doubt; but the French equivalent of the word does something to reconcile us to its use in English; and we "engage" ourselves to the lady of our love. The *Chronicle* would "secure" a biographer. Perhaps; but, alas for a word's associations! we also "secure" a burglar.

Uncertain are ways of anonymity. At times it prevents a good book from becoming known. Conventional people like their friends—men or books—to be formally introduced; they like the visiting-card, in the shape of a properly authenticated title-page. But there are perfectly proper anonymities: with the Englishwoman of the Love-Letters anonymity was part of the artistry of the work; and the same is the case with the just-published

"Suffragette's Love-Letters." The title is a little vague, for the love-letters are not hers only, but her adorer's; and the lady is not a suffragette that Mrs. Cobden Sanderson would welcome as one of the elect, or electors, or—since we have borrowed so much from Hanover—is it to be electresses?

Can a charming young man who happens to be a peer carry through with perfect refinement a courtship with a young woman who happens to be a lady's-maid? Or can an author carry it through for him? In a general kind of way, the reply would be in the negative. When Tennyson tried the situation, he decided that the milkmaid must die—

For a burden weighed upon
her,
And perplexed her night
and morn—
The burden of an honour
Unto which she was not
born.

But Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow avoids the mawkishness—let us say plainly, the snobbery—of "The Lord of Burleigh," and in his novel "Susan" manages to be absolutely modern in feeling, and yet to tread idyllic heights from the first page to the last.

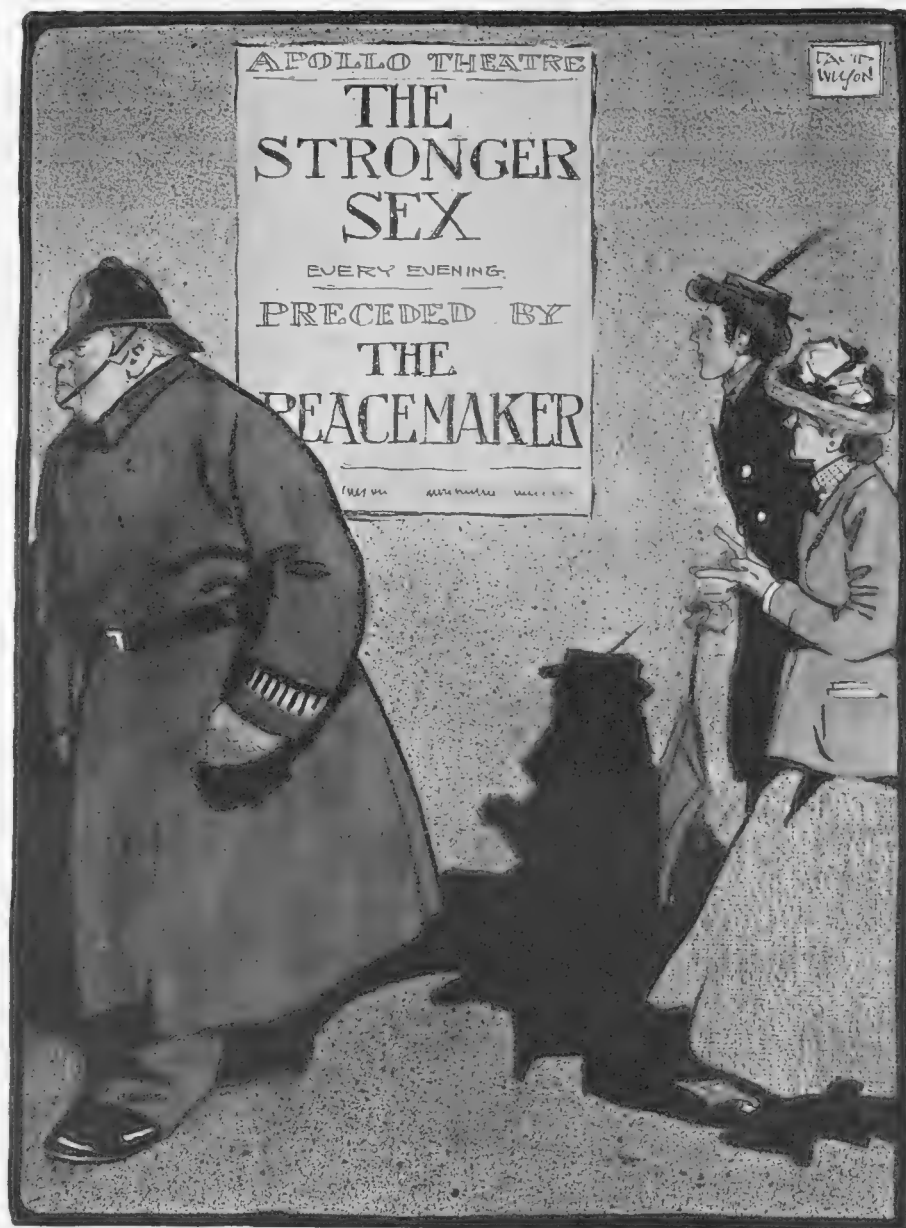
And Mr. Oldmeadow, come to think of it, is yet another link between the worlds of publishing and authorship, for he was at one time the manager of the Unicorn Press, which had some of the honours of pioneering in the matter of the delightful little art-books that have since become the fashion.

The paragraph that has been threatening Mr. Meredith and stimulating the public's appetite has in reality neither sting nor promise. It stated that the discoverer of some early and forgotten verses of Mr. Meredith's was about to have them reprinted. Obviously he has no right to do so, and Mr. Meredith's severest critic, who is himself, will not have occasion to be severe. Let the explorer in old magazines, if he must be busy, look in a

periodical called the *Curtain*, which has long since been lowered, and has buried in obscurity most of its contributors. But Coventry Patmore—who, like Mr. Meredith, though for very different reasons, did his best to suppress a volume of poems—chanced to be among them, and his contributions may be published by him who can first identify them.

The Isle of Man is talking about legislation in the matter of copyright, but not very ambitiously. It does not, like Canada, want a separate copyright of its own. All it seeks is to bring its law into conformity with that of England. Even the Isle of Man has its literary paradox beyond the reach of lawmakers. It produced a really fine poet, the late T. E. Brown, whom very few read, and it produced a writer of novels, very popular novels, that sell by decades of thousands.

M. E.



A THEATRICAL POSTER ILLUSTRATED—"THE STRONGER SEX,"
PRECEDED BY "THE PEACEMAKER."

DRAWN BY DAVID WILSON.

OPEN TO CONVICTION!



THE MAGISTRATE: Are you guilty or not?

THE PRISONER: Well, your Honour, I think I am, but I'd like to be tried to make sure.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

CAREFUL search among the archives of medical literature reveals the remarkable fact that no patient has ever recovered from seven or more medical gentlemen in consultation. The explanation of this is unknown. Patients have survived the attentions of five or even six doctors, but never those of seven. True, there was a case, imperfectly reported, where seven of these gentry met, and the patient pulled through. It occurred, however, in Philadelphia, U.S.A. It is time, therefore, that notes of Lady Poffley-Henderson's remarkable recovery were given to the world.

Lady Poffley-Henderson's case is unique. Five specialists, her family doctor, and his energetic young partner were gathered at Poffley Castle; also Boodles. It was Boodles, the deplorable Boodles, who effected the cure. Boodles was a mastiff puppy, and diagnosed and cured the case at five o'clock, Aug. 16, 1906. He was shot by the gardener the same evening. He was a deplorable dog, and had to be destroyed; still, he cured his patient. Incidentally he caused a dissolution of partnership of the firm of Burdock and Francis, medical practitioners, and seriously injured the professional prospects of an eminent surgeon, and of an authority on medical electricity. It is also due to Boodles that Sir Howard Lawson, the future President of the College of Physicians; Sir Frank Judson, heart specialist; and Sir William Bowers, nerve specialist, are no longer on speaking terms. It was high time that Boodles was destroyed.

Lady Poffley-Henderson had been ill for weeks. Her medical attendant, Dr. Burdock, shook his grey beard and suggested "nervous debility." Sir Geoffrey Poffley-Henderson, who did not believe in such a thing, said "Rats!" Boodles sprang to his feet at the word, and broke a chair.

"Curse the dog!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey. It was a deplorable beast. Dr. Burdock advised complete rest, and the patient spent her days on an invalid-couch. Boodles thought it uncommonly slow, and said so. Why wasn't his mistress up and doing, as he was? He fought and destroyed a hearthrug, and then appealed for encouragement. The bell was rung hastily and Boodles was carried out.

Dr. Burdock left for his holiday, and the junior partner, Dr. Francis, took charge. He increased the medicines, he tried an electric battery "to stimulate the nerves." Boodles thought the buzzing induction-coil a great joke. He tried to eat it, and it bit him. He raced round the room in pain; no rat had ever hurt him like that. He destroyed a cabinet of china before he was stopped. Boodles had done his best; but he had not been given a fair chance. So his mistress remained as she was; indeed, she got worse. She declared that she was unable to walk. She remained on the invalid-couch, and Dr. Francis sent to London for the newest drugs. Boodles ate a box of them, and for some days remained in the stable, feeling uncomfortable all over.

Meanwhile Lady Poffley-Henderson got no better. Dr. Burdock returned from his holiday, and shook his head at the slow progress.

"Difficult case, you know. Obscure; very obscure, Sir Geoffrey." (Sir Geoffrey was getting impatient.) "My partner considers the nerves at fault; for myself, I lean towards a constitutional defect. Very obscure case, Sir Geoffrey."

Sir Geoffrey sniffed, and said he supposed it was. Dr. Francis looked intensely wise, but said nothing. Dr. Burdock suggested calling in a consultant.

"Anyone in particular?" asked the patient's husband.

"Well—ahem!—in these obscure—er—constitutional derangements, probably someone with large all-round experience would be best—a man with wide views, you know. You couldn't do better than have Sir Howard Lawson. Capital man, my dear Sir—capital. Physician-Extraordinary to his Majesty's Messengers, you know. Remarkable skill in diagnosis."

"Very well," said Sir Geoffrey; "let's have Sir Howard Lawson. Evidently what we lack is—er—diagnosis."

Dr. Francis murmured, "Perhaps a nerve specialist——"

"Eh! What?"

"A neurologist, Sir, if the nervous system is at fault. Sir William Bowers is the man, you know. I was his house physician at Queen's Square. Amazing fellow on nerves."

"Well, let's have him, too!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey. "We've got to get to the bottom of this; and if it's nerves let's have a nerve man to make certain."

Dr. Burdock coughed.

"Well, Burdock, what is it?"

"I was only about to remark," replied Dr. Burdock meekly, "that, if you were going to have a second consultant, perhaps——"

"Yes, yes. Go on, Burdock."

"That—ah—as the—er—vascular system of the patient is distinctly depressed, perhaps a specialist more versed in heart affections would be better. Of course, the depressed circulation may be secondary to the nervous condition; secondary, you know, and therefore of less importance. But, on the other hand——"

"Well? Go on."

"I don't wish to take an alarmist view, Sir Geoffrey; far from that. But, supposing it is primary, not secondary?—primary, and therefore vascular, that is, cardiac. Instead of primary nervous

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE DEPLORABLE DOG DIAGNOSIS.

By C. WILLETT-CUNNINGTON.

disturbance, with secondary vascular manifestations, it may be vascular primarily, with secondary nervous manifestations. Do you follow?"

Sir Geoffrey grew purple in the attempt.

"I doubt that!" exclaimed Dr. Francis.

"Eh? My dear Francis, surely we agree——"

Dr. Francis did not, evidently.

"Much more probably due to—er—pressure; spinal pressure—disturbing the vasomotor centres in the cord; that's my idea."

Dr. Francis thrust his hands in his pockets triumphantly. Sir Geoffrey snorted with impatience.

"I see no evidence of spinal pressure," began Dr. Burdock.

"How about the incipient paralysis of the—ah—lower extremities? Due to Wallerian degeneration, Burdock? Pyramidal tracts, Burdock! Secondary degeneration of the neurilemma, Burdock!"

Dr. Francis seemed to have scored heavily. Poor Dr. Burdock wondered what the neurilemma was. Sir Geoffrey stopped the discussion.

"Oh, let's have the heart man, too; and the nerve man. Now, then, anyone else needed?" He tried to look sarcastic.

Dr. Francis was irrepressible. "If there's spinal pressure, a surgical opinion is desirable——"

"Mind! I won't have an operation!"

"No, no. Of course not. Still, a surgeon's opinion would be useful. Mr. Cutlin is the man; have him."

"Put him down, Burdock, put him down."

"But, of course," continued Dr. Francis unperturbed, "of course, we ought to have the nerve reactions worked out—done by electricity, Sir Geoffrey; a special branch of medicine. Dr. Peebles is the authority."

"Pop the fellow down, Burdock! Got him? Well? Any more? That the lot? Now tot 'em up."

Sir Geoffrey was distinctly sarcastic. Dr. Burdock looked grave and read his notes.

"One, general consultant, Sir Howard Lawson."

"Agreed." ("Old muddler!" thought Dr. Francis.)

"Two, Sir William Bowers, nerve specialist."

"Pass him. Next?"

"Sir Frank Judson, heart specialist." ("Quite unnecessary," murmured the junior partner to himself.)

"Next?"

"Four, Mr. Cutlin, as my partner desires a surgeon."

"We'll have the fellow. Fire ahead!"

"Five, Dr. Peebles, electrical specialist, also by my partner's wish."

Dr. Francis had triumphed heavily. He had scored three by honours to his partner's two.

"That all? Then let 'em all—ahem! Have the lot down, and let's see what they can make of it."

So they all came. Including Burdock and Francis, there were seven, the fatal number. If it had not been for Boodles, who knows what might have happened? Boodles was living in retirement in the stables, recovering from Dr. Francis's drugs. The deplorable brute had spent a week gnawing an opening in the stable door. He wanted to get out and see his mistress. On the morning of the consultation the hole was almost large enough for him to squeeze through. He set to work with renewed vigour.

The patient was examined in the library. Afterwards, feeling exhausted, she was wheeled out on her couch into the garden. Meanwhile, the seven medical gentlemen retired to the dining-room to "talk it over." From the windows they caught a glimpse of their patient being wheeled into the garden just outside. Then the consultation began.

Dr. Burdock indicated the refreshments on the sideboard with a wave of his hand, and posted himself by the fireplace. Sir Howard Lawson tasted the sherry.

"Now, Sir Howard, what is your opinion?"

"Uncommonly good wine, Burdock," and he smacked his lips.

Sir William Bowers was inquiring of Dr. Peebles how they all were at home. Sir Frank Judson was holding an animated discussion with Mr. Cutlin. Dr. Burdock gathered that the surgeon was urging the heart specialist to sell West Australians.

"Take my tip, Judson, and clear out. They dropped two points yesterday." But the heart specialist meant to hold on.

Peebles rather fancied Butterscotch for the Middlesex Autumn Handicap, but Bowers didn't. He had laid a bit on Maidenhair, and saw no reason for hedging.

"Maidenhair's my fancy, Peebles. Hey, Lawson, what's yours?"

"Sherry at present," and the Physician Extraordinary to his Majesty's Messengers helped himself to a second glass.

Burdock coughed. There was a momentary pause in the consultation, and he took advantage of it.

"As regards the patient——" he began.

"Tough old girl, Burdock," murmured the heart specialist. "Worth a fortune, isn't she?"

"A very valuable patient, Sir Frank."

"When she goes, she ought to cut up for a pile, eh?"

Continued overleaf.

WILL THE L.C.C.'s NEW BROOMS PLEASE NOTE!

PATENTS THAT WOULD BENEFIT THE MOTOR-BUSSER.



OUR MECHANICAL ARTIST ILLUSTRATES A FEW USEFUL INVENTIONS THAT ARE NOT ON SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

"My dear Mr. Cutlin, I trust Lady Poffley-Henderson is good for many years yet," replied Dr. Burdock.

"Good—for you, you mean, eh?"

There was a general chuckle. Mr. Cutlin was something of a wit. Sir Frank Judson looked at his watch and mentioned that he had an appointment at Marlborough House.

"Well, Burdock, tell us what you've been doing."

"Er—the treatment has been on general lines; rest—and—er—fresh air; rest and good nourishing food. My partner, Dr. Francis here, was looking after her during my holiday." Sir Howard beamed.

"Just so. Well? And what have you given the patient?"

"I've tried several things, Sir. There's a new stuff, pyrowindo benzine, made in Germany. I exhibited that without much effect. Then I gave a mixture of pyrimidon camphorate, tetramethylacetyl salicylate, and exalginate of potash; also pills of Phenyl-lacto phosphate, in milligram doses."

"Good lord!" muttered the surgeon.

"Any result?" asked Sir Frank Judson.

"None, either good or bad," was the reply.

Mr. Cutlin was practising surgical knots with a piece of string.

"An obscure case," murmured Dr. Burdock; "very obscure."

"Peculiarly resistant to drugs," added Dr. Francis.

"Very much so, I should say," was Mr. Cutlin's comment.

"My diagnosis," continued Dr. Burdock, "my provisional diagnosis has been—er—nervous debility."

Dr. Francis sniffed audibly. "An organic lesion!" he exclaimed in a tone of contempt. "Don't you think so, Sir Howard?"

Sir Howard Lawson rubbed his chin. He wished he could have reserved his opinion until the others had spoken. "There is certainly a lack of tone," he began, in a non-committal way, "a remarkable lack of tone. Possibly constitutional. Er—eh? Possibly. Yes—I find nothing pointing to a definite lesion. Nothing marked, that is. Although, of course, one must bear everything in mind, and, er—of course—what do you think, Judson?"

"How d' you explain the murmur?" inquired the heart specialist, with the suspicion of a sneer in his voice.

"Murmur? I—er—really—did you hear a murmur, Judson?" (The general consultant seemed upset.) "At the heart's apex. Undoubtedly. Oh, yes! a faint purring. Not marked, of course, but to the trained ear, unmistakable."

The heart specialist sniffed aggressively. Sir Howard hesitated. "Oh! That? Ah, yes! I dismissed that as unimportant. Functionally, you know."

"Ah! but is it? I remember a case just like this—"

Sir William Bowers interrupted impatiently. Hearts were not in his line. He wanted to get on to the nervous system. "Perhaps you didn't notice the left knee jerk, Lawson, hey? Exaggerated? Quite so. Pointing to the pyramidal tract. Descending degeneration, hey, Francis, hey?"

"Quite so, Sir William," replied the junior. "My original diagnosis."

Dr. Peebles felt out of it. "If one considers the electrical reactions of the nerves—" he began.

"Exactly, Peebles, exactly!" the heart man interrupted. "As you say, the reaction might be explained by the cardiac condition."

"Secondary, in fact, Sir Frank?" added Dr. Burdock.

"Secondary, not primary? My diagnosis all along!"

Mr. Cutlin was bored. "Wouldn't pressure on the spinal cord explain the symptoms?" he suggested.

"Pressure from what?"

"Oh, anything. Doesn't matter much what. A growth—or—er—well—anything. In that case, an operation—"

"To relieve pressure," shouted Dr. Francis.

"Exactly," murmured the surgeon, closing his eyes, "an exploratory operation."

"But, Cutlin, consider the heart!" broke out the authority on that organ. "A murmur present, indicative of organic lesion—at least, in my opinion"—with a bow to Sir Howard Lawson, who had disagreed on that point—"the heart in that state! An operation? Out of the question! Most dangerous!"

"If there is pressure it must be relieved," began the nerve specialist.

"Quite so. By operation," added the surgeon, rubbing his hands.

"Probably fatal," murmured Sir Howard.

Mr. Cutlin disregarded the remark. "I should begin by an incision—"

"But think of the heart, Cutlin!" exclaimed Sir Howard angrily.

"The purring murmur, pointing to organic disease!" added Sir Frank.

Sir Howard lost his temper. "Functional murmur, Judson! Hæmic!"

"I don't agree, Lawson. It's organic valvular trouble!"

"I doubt that!"

"In any case, an exploratory operation would clear the air," Mr. Cutlin remarked peevishly.

"And remove pressure."

"There is none, Bowers!"

"But the left knee jerk, Lawson!"

"And the electrical reactions," chimed in Dr. Peebles.

"You'll kill the patient if you do!" exclaimed Judson angrily.

"My opinion, too," added Lawson.

"She'll die if you don't," replied Bowers.

"Exactly," added Peebles, "unless we try first a course of high-frequency currents."

There was a pause. Mr. Cutlin made one last appeal. "But

really now," he began, in a soothing, conciliatory tone, "why not try a simple little exploratory operation, just to clear the air?"

The door opened, and Sir Geoffrey Poffley-Henderson entered, to hear the opinion of the seven medical gentlemen. He foolishly left the door open. Boodles had gnawed his way through the stable door, and was making for the house as fast as he could. He was on his way when Dr. Burdock was explaining to Sir Geoffrey what they thought of the case.

"A very remarkable and troublesome condition," he began. "Lady Poffley-Henderson's case is undoubtedly obscure—er, of an obscure nature. I think we are all agreed on that point. Now, in these cases of—ah!—peculiar difficulty, there is always room for—er—divergence of—ah—views. Natural divergence, Sir Geoffrey. There is such a—divergence in the present instance. It appears that the nervous and also the vascular system both—er—lack tone. Defective, in fact. We are all agreed on that. Quite so. One is primary; the other secondary. Exactly. The precise position of the two is the point in question—in fact, is the matter on which we are unable to agree. But, after all, these are—er—technical matters; purely—ah—scientific and technical," and he dismissed them with a wave of the hand. "As regards treatment—"

"Yes, treatment! That's all I care about. Get my wife well," interjected Sir Geoffrey.

"Exactly. As you know, I have employed rest in—ah—large doses, and my partner has been suggesting new drugs; now—"

"Well, what does Sir Howard suggest?"

"A course of general tonics to improve the constitution—" he began, pursing his lips.

"With cardio-vascular stimulants," murmured the heart specialist.

"Exactly. The two combined. Quite so." Sir Howard stopped.

"Well, Sir William, do you agree?"

The nerve specialist hesitated. "Of course, we must devote special attention to increasing the nerve-tone. Nerve-tonics are most useful in these cases—of course, in addition to the treatment already suggested by my two colleagues. Precisely; in addition. Nerve tonics—that is my view."

Sir Geoffrey glanced at Dr. Peebles inquiringly.

"I quite agree with Sir William—quite. Nerve-tonics, such as—er—high-frequency currents or electro-vibratory massage, or—er—even the Röntgen rays, might be serviceable; that is—if properly applied." Dr. Peebles was very skilful in applying these forms of treatment.

Mr. Cutlin rose. "As a surgeon, of course it is not in my province to express an opinion on the medical aspect of the case; but should the treatment suggested by my medical colleagues fail—er—unfortunately fail, possibly something of the nature of a simple little exploratory—er—operation—"

But Boodles entered. He had not seen his master or mistress for a week, and now he meant to have his say. He began by leaping at Sir Geoffrey's face. Having licked that to his own satisfaction, he selected the heart specialist's waistcoat, and jumped. So did the heart specialist. There was an exclamation of rage, a dismal yelp, and a crash.

Sir Frank Judson had seized the deplorable dog by the neck, and thrown him through the window.

"Curse that dog!" spluttered Sir Geoffrey. The heart specialist quite agreed.

There was a shriek from the garden, and the eight men rushed to the window. Boodles had discovered his long-lost mistress, and charged. Lady Poffley-Henderson was alarmed. Had Boodles developed hydrophobia? He leapt at her face to repeat the licking process. She screamed and beat him down. Boodles thought this great fun. He jumped again. This was too much. Lady Poffley-Henderson sprang from the couch and ran. So did Boodles.

"Good lor!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey at the window.

"Cured, by Jove!" shouted Mr. Cutlin, over his shoulder.

The garden was circular, and enclosed by a low parapet. Lady Poffley-Henderson was moving round this area at great speed. Boodles was tearing the back of her dress.

"Curse that dog!" shouted Sir Geoffrey, and he rushed for a stick.

"Two to one on the dog, Judson!"

"In guineas? Take you, Lawson, at that!"

Boodles stopped to bite Lady Poffley-Henderson's sunshade, and she gained several yards. It was the second lap round.

"Paralysis of pyramidal tract," murmured Mr. Cutlin.

"Simple little exploration operation," retorted the nerve specialist.

"Oh, bravo, bravo!" came from the seven spectators. Lady Poffley-Henderson had jumped over the couch at the beginning of the third round.

"Getting her second wind!" said the heart specialist. He had forgotten the purring murmur. The next moment they cheered again. Lady Poffley-Henderson had leapt the parapet and was disappearing towards the tennis-lawn. Boodles followed. So did Sir Geoffrey, with a heavy stick.

"Cleared the sticks, clean, by gad!" shouted Lawson.

"Cured the old girl, by Jove!" came from the surgeon.

There was a moment of dead silence.

"I'll have the beast shot!" said Dr. Burdock.

Sir Frank Judson looked at his watch. "When's the next train to town?" The five consultants went. Boodles had diagnosed and cured the patient. The deplorable beast was shot the same evening. As Dr. Burdock explained, "it was a narrow escape from hydrophobia. Lady Poffley-Henderson had a miraculous escape." Which was true—in a sense.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MR. JUSTICE PICKFORD, by his promotion to the Judicial

Bench, in succession to Mr. Justice Kennedy, has attained by sound work and steady, unsensational progress to a well-merited dignity. At the Bar he was distinguished by the readiness with which he grasped the intricacies of a case, by the lucidity of his expositions to the jury, and by his courtesy to other members of his calling. One of his strong points in cross-examination was that sovereign gift, knowing exactly when to stop—the magic art of silent cross-examination, as Ballantine used to call it. We shall not find in the new Judge an addition to the ranks of judicial humorists, with praise and thanksgiving be it said. Still, when the day's business is done he may enjoy a little joke with counsel. "At what hour to-morrow will your Honour hear us?" asked counsel at Birkenhead. "At eleven in the morning," said Mr. Pickford, adding, "subject to anything the London and North-Western Railway may do." Next morning counsel and witnesses waited an hour in court,

then received a wire from the

Judge verifying his own half-prophecy—he was held up by a breakdown on the line.

The Most Beautiful of this Year's Débutantes?

According to both Court

and Society gossip, the loveliest of this year's débutantes is likely to prove Miss Mary Curzon, the only daughter of General and Mrs. Montagu Curzon. Reports of the young lady's exceptional beauty had already come from Leicestershire, where she was regarded as the belle of the Cottesmore

A BEAUTIFUL DÉBUTANTE: MISS MARY CURZON.

Photograph by Downey.

Hunt Ball; and at the second Court Miss Curzon also carried off the palm among the débutantes present. While her mother wore all black, Miss Curzon's Court gown was of white satin, embroidered in baskets of flowers tied with true-lovers'-knots, the scheme being carried out in silver cord and white silk.

The Sporting Entente.

A feature of the international sporting carnival, to be held in Paris a couple of months hence, will be a great fox-hunt on the plateau of Satory, in which British and French horsemen will vie in friendly rivalry. The Duke

of Wellington used to hunt in France regularly and mightily offended was Charles IX. with him when he said, after a particularly good run, "Ah, this is more like the Vale of Aylesbury!" It is fortunate for us that our reputation as sportsmen does not depend upon the figure cut by the grand old Duke.

Mighty in war, he was a very bad horseman. If used to be said that no other man got more falls in the course of the year than the Duke in the hunting-field. He did not mind the falls, nor care how many people witnessed them. He had at least the consolation of knowing that his seat was not more ungainly than that of the giant whom he had overthrown. Napoleon was an atrociously bad rider.



THE NEW JUDGE: MR. JUSTICE PICKFORD.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

folk now have beautiful places in the vicinity of the famous racecourse—and the larger world of the Riviera are interested in the announcement of Miss Minnie Donner's engagement to Mr. K. M. Carlile. The Donner family entertains in one of the most agreeable of Cannes villas, and Miss Donner is among the most popular girls in this most English of Riviera towns. Mr. Carlile is, as all athletes know, a former captain of the Oxford Eleven, and a double "Blue." The engagement was announced at Cannes, but it is probable that the marriage will take place from the bride's English home at Englefield Green, near Ascot.

A New Engagement.

Both Ascot society—and many notable

On Apaches, Professional and Amateur.

Paris is suffering from a plague of Apaches. They rob and murder during the daytime, and they burgle at night. Peaceful citizens are becoming much alarmed; politicians want to know the reason why. But it is an ill wind, etc. Whilst the Apaches go upon the war-path

and bring home, joyously, their scalps—to the general consternation—the newspapers rejoice: a little Apache goes a long way. What would the greatest Paris circulations do without them? Three young bloods in journalism went out the other day to show the world how insecure is one of the suburbs of Paris. They lighted upon Auteuil, famous for its steeplechase course. Here they proposed to wrench off bells and to do all manner of destruction—just to show the world how insecure Auteuil is, how badly policed it is, and how superb they are in their reportorial enterprise. They swooped upon the place in a motor-car, and commenced their campaign. But, alas for good "copy"! the police, for once at least, were on the *qui vive*, and nearly ran those smart young men in.

The Queen of Mi-Carême.

From the height of her beautiful car, Mlle. Georgette Juteau, the Queen of Mi-Carême, bowed graciously to her good subjects, the citizens of Paris. Upon her graceful shoulders sat a royal

mantle of white, embroidered satin, touched with gold, and beneath was a charming princess robe, also in white, which set off her young figure to perfection. In private life her Majesty is a modest fish merchant at the Ménilmontant Market. The first honour that came to her was to be elected

Queen of the Open Markets. Her youth and beauty and general good qualities attracted universal sympathy: flowers, sweets, illustrated postcards, little presents of all sorts were showered upon her by admirers from all over France, and even in England. Then she was elected Queen of the Queens, and her glory was complete.

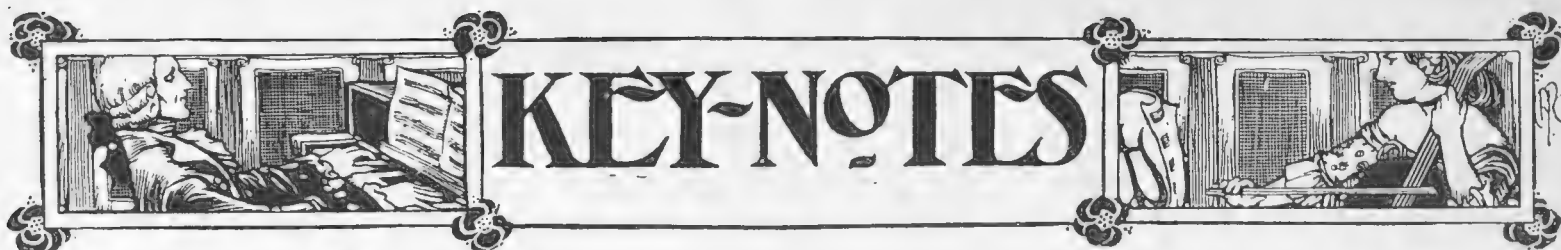


MISS MINNIE DONNER, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. K. M. CARLILE.



A GIANT PALM THAT HAD TO BE MOVED ON A FOUR-HORSED TROLLEY: TRANSPORTING A PHENIX PALM FROM MESSRS. KELLER'S, BEAULIEU, TO THE RAILWAY STATION.

Most of the giant palms exported from France go to the Crimea.



THE concert of the Blackpool Glee and Madrigal Choir at Queen's Hall last week was at once one of the most gratifying and one of the most discouraging events that have happened in connection with London music for a long time. The achievement of the Lancashire choir was calculated to fill the English music-lover with feelings of patriotic pride; the behaviour of the London public (if it can be called behaviour to stay away) should fill him with shame. Of its kind, the choir is well-nigh ideal, and it is small wonder that it inspired Sir Edward Elgar with his now historical remark that the musical centre of England is considerably north of London. In all matters of the technique of singing it is as nearly perfect as possible; the tone quality, without being in itself remarkable for beauty, is good, and the choir can make a good deal of sound from its sixty throats. The chief merit of its singing is the keen sense of style the singers show. Weelkes, Wilbye, Berlioz, Cornelius, Stanford, Elgar,

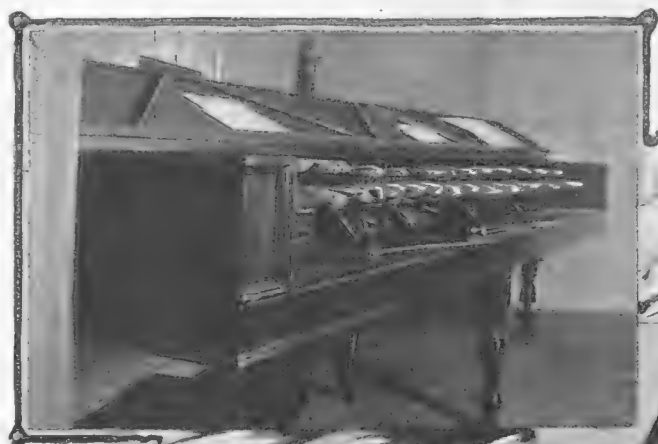
or Brahms, nothing came a miss to them. It was, perhaps, in the extremely difficult choruses of Cornelius that their musicianship was shown at its best. Not only did they sing without any uncertainty the most baffling passages—they had a most intimate understanding

of his not at all lucid idiom. This would have called forth great praise from a German choir consisting entirely of the most cultivated classes; in an English choir, in which all ranks are represented, it is little short of wonderful. Mr. Herbert Whittaker, the conductor, must be gifted with a special power of teaching—besides the keenest musical sensibilities. A welcome feature of the concert was the absence of anything like the displays of mere choral virtuosity with which (with bated breath be it whispered) the great choirs of the North sometimes assail our ears. The choir was commanded to sing at Marlborough House on Wednesday. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess Victoria were at the Queen's Hall Concert. It should not be forgotten that the Blackpool Choir owes its origin to the Musical Competition Festival movement.

One of the most interesting musical weddings of the season is that of Mr. Neil Forsyth and Miss Cathcart, which takes place at Musselburgh to-morrow. It is a far cry to Musselburgh, else all musical London would have assembled to congratulate the most popular of operatic celebrities. The London friends of Mr. Forsyth did not, however, allow the occasion to pass without a fitting celebration, and a dinner was arranged in honour of the prospective bridegroom. Mr. Forsyth will not be able to enjoy a very long honeymoon, for the approach of the Grand Opera season makes his presence at Covent Garden necessary very soon. The rehearsals are due to begin in about four weeks' time—on April 15, to be precise—under Dr. Richter, and by that time preparations of all kinds will be in full swing. The sale of tickets for the "Ring" performances has been unprecedented, and the subscription for the whole season is the best the Syndicate has ever had.

A feature of the season will, it is hoped, be the production of the opera to which the prize offered by Messrs. Ricordi is awarded. The judges are busy examining the scores which have been submitted, of which there is a considerable number, but it is hoped that they may be able to complete their labours in time to make a performance possible before the end of July.

A special interest attaches to the presence of Dr. Richter at Covent Garden this year, inasmuch as it will be exactly thirty years ago since he first conducted in our midst. It was on May 7, 1877, at one of the concerts of the Wagner Festival at the Albert Hall, that London first saw the typically Teutonic, fair-haired young man (he was thirty-three years old then) who was destined to play such an important part in the history of English musical development. It is too soon yet to attempt to estimate the exact amount of the enormous debt which England owes to Hans Richter; but there is no doubt that he will rank with Joachim, Hallé, and Manns (whose loss is still fresh in our minds) as one of the greatest pioneers of the latter-day renaissance of music. Perhaps history will even award him a higher place than any of the others.



A PIANO MADE OF ROCKS: THE "ROCKAPHONE," SHOWING THE ROCKS IN THE INSTRUMENT.



THE "ROCKAPHONE": THE ROCKS ON WHICH THE TUNES ARE PLAYED.

The "Rockaphone" is a witness to the ingenuity of Mr. A. R. Gilman, of Berwick, Maine, U.S.A. The pieces of rock on which the tunes are played are the result of seventeen years of careful search and sorting. The instrument is said to have great sweetness of tone, and it has been used for concert work. The pieces of rock rest on rubber and cork, and are from 1 to 2½ inches thick, and from 6 inches to 3 feet in length, and are struck by mallets of lignum vitæ, and boxwood with rattan handles. The rocks are arranged in the same way as the keyboard of the piano.

Photographs by the Union Bureau of News.

last night, when he announced a concert at which several of his pupils were to sing with Mr. Thomas Beecham's orchestra. M. de Reszke has only been here for a few weeks, but already he has begun work. He was encouraged to take up teaching by the conspicuous success which has attended the singing-school of his brother, M. Jean de Reszke, in Paris. The two brothers always worked together during their operatic careers, and each knew every secret of the other's method, so that it is more than likely that the same agreement will be found in their methods of teaching. It is a great thing to have as teachers among us two men who have achieved the highest possible honours in their art; it is flattering to our artistic *amour propre* that they should have chosen London as a field for their activities. It has for some time past been the bitter cry of singers in this country that there were hundreds of singing masters, but not one who could teach anything about opera from personal experience. That is now no longer so.

COMMON CHORD.



A REALLY UP-TO-DATE MOTOR DEPÔT—DUNLOP 1907 MOTOR-TYRES: ALL ABOUT THEM—STEAM V. PETROL—"THE PASSING OF THE HORSE"—
ENGLISH CARS IN THE GRAND PRIX.

THERE are now motor depôts and garages at every corner. One sees the French term, which really means "shunting," or "wet-docking," at every turn, though seldom indeed does it betoken a garage proper. But here and there, in London at least, are found establishments conducted by responsible firms whose members are practical motorists, whose aim it has been to equip their business premises in the most up-to-date manner. One such installation will be found by all in need at 110, High Street, Marylebone, where the sole concessionaires of the six-cylinder Minerva, Messrs. Warwick Wright, Limited, have spared no pains and no expense to make their garage what a garage should be. To avoid the pulling and hauling to which cars are so frequently subjected, convenient turntables have been provided, so that the cars are handled within the building as though they were perambulators. Moreover, in the depôt portion of the premises examples of the six-cylinder Minerva, one of the most finished six-cylinder designs in the market, are always to be seen.

No tyre-user or tyre-dealer can afford to be without that most valuable little yellow-covered volume, "Dunlop 1907 Motor Tyres," just issued by the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited. The little work opens with a succinct history of Dunlop motor tyres in 1906, chronicling as tersely as possible the fame and records achieved by the Dunlop tyre in "the year that's awa'." Then we happen upon some interesting references to the Dunlop motor tyres for 1907, whereby we learn the reason for and the successes of the recently introduced "steel-studded" cover. Under the heading "Practical Points" is gathered the whole duty of a tyre-user towards his tyres, if he wishes to get the uttermost value out of them. Even the veteran motorists learned in many tyres may be taught much by these Points. The price-lists of Dunlop motor tyres and accessories, and the list of Dunlop depôts throughout the United Kingdom are by no means the least valuable portions of this most desirable little work.

Where are the doughty champions of the petrol car? was the question that rose to the surface on the evening of Thursday, the 28th ult., when Mr. Fred Coleman, of the White Steam Company, opened a discussion on Steam v. Petrol in a very masterly manner. But for the ultra-scientific defending speeches of that eminent authority on the internal-combustion engine, Mr. Dugald Clark, and of Colonel Holden, the acknowledged leaders of the petrol side of the industry were conspicuous by their absence. Certainly Mr. Coleman made

out a great case for the steam-car—that is, the White Steam Car. But, notwithstanding that gentleman's arrayed army of facts, the man in the street will naïvely ask, If so good, why so few? Certainly the White Steam Car people sell their entire output without difficulty, leaving Mr. Coleman, like Oliver, asking for more.

All readers of *The Sketch* who turn to these columns may not consider a visit to the commercial motor vehicle show, now open at Olympia, a duty; but if they are in any way interested in the great traffic revolution now taking place around us, they will profit by a tour of the Exhibition. The three powers now competing for mastery in this connection are, of course, steam, petrol, and electricity. The first two so completely fill the public eye at the moment that the third is likely to be overlooked by those who only exhibit a superficial interest. But the drawbacks and difficulties which in the past have been held to hedge round the employment of electricity are gradually and unobtrusively in course of removal, until it may almost be said that for general commercial purposes electricity is equal in most, and superior in some, points to its two competitors. If any of my readers want the case for electricity put clearly, albeit somewhat favourably, but nevertheless most lucidly, before them, they should obtain a little pamphlet entitled "The Passing of the Horse," issued by the Electric Van, Wagon, and Omnibus Company, Limited, of 14-15, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, W.C. This firm are showing electric vehicles at Olympia this week.

There is quite a big entry for the Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of France, but, sad to relate, two only are English cars. These are both Weigels, which are in course of special construction for the great event, and will approach as nearly as possible in all details to the standard Weigel car. The engine will consist of eight cylinders—that is two four-cylinder engines placed tandem under an elongated bonnet, driving, of course, on to a specially made eight throw crank-shaft, but thence, to the road wheels through clutch, gear, propeller-shaft, etc., as in the standard 40-h.p. cars. This engine is expected to develop over 100-h.p. on the brake, and to keep the road



THE WRONG KIND OF CAR FOR COLD WEATHER: AN AUTOMOBILE MADE OF SNOW.

The car was made by the son of the French novelist, Michel Corday.



A PROBLEM FOR THE OBSTACLE-LOVING MOTORIST: THE REMARKABLE BRIDGE AT SACAVEM.

The motorist who likes climbing mountains and descending flights of stairs on his car might well turn his attention to the extraordinary bridge here illustrated. The crossing of it should be a new sensation. As we have already noted, the erection is at Sacavem, five miles north of Lisbon, on the right bank of the Tagus.

without mishap at a speed sufficiently high to enable the car to finish somewhere in the first flight. While regretting that the English automobile industry is not more fully represented, we must all, if only for the audacity of the proposition, wish the Weigel cars all luck. If one of these cars should prove successful, then the British industry will owe Mr. Weigel thanks for his courage.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE FLAT—THE GRAND NATIONAL—A STIPENDIARY.

MANY of the regulars are looking forward with interest to the opening of the flat-race season. The attendance at Lincoln on Monday and the two following days is certain to be well over the average, that is, if the weather is at all propitious. Since the passing of the Street Betting Act the gates at race-meetings have vastly improved, and the cheap rings now yield well.

The Carlholme is not an inviting place to attend, and the arrangements of rings and stands is not by any means up to date. Indeed, I have often heard men of authority venture the opinion that if instead of being the opening meeting of the season the fixture were put back a month, the gates would decrease by quite 50 per cent. Lincoln is followed by Liverpool, and the spring fixture at Aintree is always a big draw, as the programme is arranged under both sets of rules. The Grand National is a big dish in itself, but the Liverpool Spring Cup is not the race it used to be, and it is generally spoiled by being placed just after the Lincoln Handicap. The only flat-race fixture set to take place in Passion Week is Nottingham, which is held on Tuesday and Wednesday. With the exception of a jumping fixture on the Saturday, nothing further is on

to Mr. Gorham, the big commission agent, who won with Shannon Lass. The horse is trained at Rottingdean, close to Brighton, where the going is exceptionally good at all times. Oatlands is a horse of moods, and of him it is best to say that he may or may not. He is a very fast animal, and is a good jumper. Barabbas II., trained by Captain Dewhurst, is one of the best-looking 'chasers I have seen for a long time, and yet I am of the opinion that he is a bit too long in the back to get over this country. He is very fit, and is fancied by his trainer. I am told that Denmark, trained by Hallick, will make a good show in the race, and Eremon, if the best of Coulthwaite's lot, will take some beating. The chosen of the Hon. A. Hastings and Sir C. Nugent will be backed, and a 'cute lot of speculators have supported Pierre, trained by Cowap.

It is rumoured that the Jockey Club are considering the advisability of appointing a paid steward to act at all meetings held under their rules. I hope the rumour will turn out to be true, as certain of the amateur stewards are not up to their work. They may be ornamental, but certainly are not useful. A paid steward, given free powers, would soon tackle the starting question successfully, and I think we should in a very short time hear the last of foul riding if a strong man were



A STROKE THAT MAY BE BARRED: THE BALLS IN POSITION FOR THE FAMOUS ANCHOR STROKE, WHICH ENABLES REMARKABLE BREAKS TO BE MADE.

The Billiard Association has decided to ask the views of the leading players on the question of abolishing the anchor stroke, which is enabling enormous breaks to be scored.

Photograph by Halfones, Ltd.

until Easter Monday, when the usual plethora of meetings has to be got through. The only flat-race meetings set for the Easter Monday are Kemp-ton, Birmingham, and Gosforth; but the chief meeting of interest will be the Manchester fixture, held under National Hunt rules, to be decided on the Bank Holiday, while the remaining days of the week will be busy ones for both flat-race and cross-country jockeys.

My final selection for the Lincoln Handicap will be found in another column, but I do not approach the race with much confidence, as many of the horses running are only half fit. The same cannot be said of the animals engaged in the Grand National, with one or two exceptions, as the majority of the aged jumpers have been travelling up and down the countryside engaging in minor steeplechases run over three miles or less. In dealing with the Grand National it is absolutely necessary to lay stress on those horses that have been over the course previously. For instance, Timothy Titus, Red Lad, and Wolf's Folly readily occur to one's mind. The first-named had run up light when he performed moderately at Sandown, but he is almost certain to get over the course, and Wolf's Folly is another safe conveyance. He belongs



THE MAKER OF THE RECORD BREAK OF 1269: MR. E. T. REECE.

Reece was playing Inman when he made the break recorded above with the aid of the famous anchor stroke, known also as Lovejoy's "cradle-double-kiss-cannon." As we note under our illustration of the stroke, it is likely to be abolished, as the spot stroke was abolished.

Photograph by R. Thiele and Co.



THE CURIOUS FINISH OF A WATER JUMP: HORSE AND JOCKEY SWIMMING TO SAFETY.

of the white flag and make straight for the winning-post. But at the fall of the flag, some of the older jockeys riding in the race called out, "Come back—no start!" and the lad, who had got away with a flying start, pulled up short, and, of course, was left fifty lengths. This took place long before the starting-machine was introduced; but it could easily happen even under the machine start, though I should imagine that the joke has become stale by now.—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Petticoat Strategy. A new kind of petticoat strategy has been devised, and threatens to shatter the very foundations of the British Constitution. A Welsh Liberal Member of Parliament, Mr. S. T. Evans, K.C., is an avowed opponent of the Women's Franchise Bill, but, nothing daunted by this fact, Mrs. S. T. Evans, who is an ardent Suffragist, publicly promised that her husband should be absent when the question was put to the House on the momentous 8th of March. Was the hon. member to be locked in his study, or put to sleep with opiates, or was he to be spirited away in some mysterious and Stevensonian manner? Who can tell by what means this member was to be debarred from legislating for his country in a social crisis in the history of England? I wonder that the whole House of Commons has not risen as one man to protest against this new form of feminine tyranny. The question, indeed, opens up alarming possibilities. Ladies who have their own opinion as to how a division should go will now be able to find ways of preventing their husbands or fathers from going into either lobby. Hon. members—nay, Ministers themselves—may find they are “unavoidably prevented” from being present by feminine strategy, and Whips will wring their hands and gnash

seems scarce an actress of note capable of portraying the tremors and blushes of sweet seventeen. As a matter of fact, the lady is apt to have turned forty before she is able to realise on the stage a type which seems to be now as extinct as the dodo. Why, then, do dramatists continue depicting a being who, happily, does not exist in real life, and whom most people would run a mile to avoid?

Why Abolish the Barmaid?

Numbers of well-meaning persons are resolutely determined to abolish the Hebe of the bar, but, in their enthusiasm, they do not pause to consider that there are now some twenty-seven thousand of these pretty girls, and that this small army of beauties, unfit for any other employment, would be thrown on their own resources if their profession were taken from them. At the first blush, it would not appear as if dispensing small beer were a “dangerous” or iniquitous trade. The barmaid supplies the only feminine touch in places where men congregate to drink and smoke. I should say that, on the whole, she has a refining influence. One of the most sensible women I ever met was a barmaid. I made her acquaintance at a country junction, where I had to spend an hour in a dreary refreshment-room. In appearance she resembled a Madonna by Leonardo, and her quiet manners would have amazed a Society hooligan. My barmaid was bored but resigned, and she took the inane badinage of the various masculine customers who came and went with a dignity which would have done credit to a Court. After every sally, she came back and continued our conversation, and what evidently flattered her mightily was the interest taken in her by a female stranger. It would seem as if the barmaid is a little tired of masculine adulation. If her employment is humble, she occasionally moves in an atmosphere of somewhat hectic romance. Men sometimes commit murders for her sake; abandon their wives and flourishing families; and even, in extreme cases of infatuation, persuade her to commit suicide in their company. As a matter of fact, the barmaid would usually rather live a blameless domestic life than be the heroine of these vinous idylls.



[Copyright.]

ONE OF THE NEW SMART HATS.

(See “The Woman-about-Town” page.)



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING GOWN FOR THE SEASON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see “The Woman-about-Town” page.)

their teeth in face of a political and domestic impasse without a parallel in the history of these islands.

The Extinct Ingénue.

We have long seen that there are no ingénues left in private life in England and America, and even in France the type is only to be seen in perfection—and white muslin—on the boards of the Théâtre Français. But here we have not only no “young persons” in our drawing-rooms, but none are to be found in the theatre. There

The Ugliness of Yester-Year.

A craze for ugliness has seized the artistic world, as witness the triumphant revival of 1860 fashions in *La Savelli*, in Paris, and the ubiquitous shawl and crinoline painted by the members of the New English Art Club. I am sure that Mr. Orpen and Mr. Rothenstein would prefer to perish rather than depict a model in any other costume than the dowdy one worn about 1848, and there were dozens of these dresses and coiffures the other night at the fancy dress ball at the New Gallery, at which so many artists were present. Indeed, one could have wept, like the Walrus, to see numbers of pretty girls transformed into Early Victorian frumps in side-curls, poke-bonnets, and frocks which were neither long nor short, and generally of an excruciating colour. However, the event was not in vain if it has demonstrated once and for all the supreme dowdiness of early and middle nineteenth century fashions. After the Battle of Waterloo, when the romance of war was over for ever, modes became ugly and utilitarian for men and women alike, and the huge side-whisker was equalled in frumpishness only by the vast bonnet which walked out with it. It is curious that we are all apt to regard the modes of another generation as dowdy. Thackeray, when he illustrated his own “Vanity Fair,” thought the beautiful Empire costume grotesque, and always depicted Becky Sharp and Amelia in the cottage-bonnets of the ‘forties.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

MRS. GEORGE ALEXANDER is known to have very advance views about dress. It is a subject on which a woman's advance views are universally commended. The frocks and hats worn by the actresses in "John Gayde's Honour" give us great confidence in the fashions for June and July next. They are vastly becoming to face and figure; they are in perfect taste, and of unimpeachable style. Each one is precisely the gown that would be chosen by a well-bred woman of cultivated taste. There are masses of dresses, too many to describe. As an example of a charming afternoon gown, that worn by Miss Eva Moore in the second act is quite satisfactory. Of the new heavy make of Tussore, called Shantung, it is in alternate stripes of russet and cream. From a flat, straight panel in front the skirt is pleated slantwise to the back. The bodice has folds of the Shantung fitting closely over the shoulders; the lower part fits the figure as a glove. The neatly and closely folded soft black satin waistband is passed through a gold buckle in front. At the back it is caught together under three loops of cream-coloured silk cord over gilt buttons. Long ends fall down from it on the plain skirt. These are shaped, and on each is an embroidery of a cluster of cherries raised in silk. The sleeves are of broderie Anglaise, widely inserted with fine white lace. They reach almost to the elbows. There is a vest back and front of white broderie Anglaise and lace; the neckband is high and of lace, with a tiny bow of narrow pale blue satin ribbon in front. A toque made entirely of ripe cherries and leaves is worn, the tapering crown of which shows just enough to proclaim it of the same colour as the darker stripe in the dress. A cherry-coloured sunshade is carried.

There are dress-studies in the piece for the smart woman, the picturesque woman, and the ingénue. Miss Helen Ferrers' beautiful evening gown in the first act will be immensely admired by the self-possessed woman of the world who likes to feel herself right at all points. It is of white glacé silk, printed with a large design of pink roses and black lines, which are cleverly arranged to come in long slants from the hem of the long skirt towards the waist. There are bands of white lace wrought with silver up the front at either side of a plain panel. These have broad lines of black velvet under them. The bodice has silvered lace arranged over bands of black velvet in revers from the back to the waist in front, broadening out at the shoulders, the lace falling over the short, puffed sleeves. In front, the revers narrow away to points fitted into gold and silver tassels. A large pink rose is fastened in the bodice. In the hair is a large black-velvet butterfly, from which springs a black Paradise plume falling to the back over a little cluster of pink roses.

The week has been one when there was much for the dress-lover to observe on the stage. Few have failed to appreciate the daintiness and charm of the pictures presented by Miss Irene Vanbrugh in "The Great Conspiracy." She makes the widow, in the true First Empire period, what Mr. Hare as Quex would have called "allurin'." The dress is high-waisted, bordered with black fox; a great long, flat black-fox muff is carried, and the quaint black bombazine bonnet is truly becoming. In the last act her soft silk coral pink dress, falling in long folds from the high waist, is lovely. It is embroidered with upstanding sprays of leaves round the hem in shaded pink and gold, and over the shoulders is gracefully floating a rose-red gauze scarf starred, edged, and fringed with silver. Such uncompromisingly early Empire dresses would not suit every woman. To Miss Vanbrugh they prove most quaintly and delightfully becoming.

This is to be a great season for white. So much is it in demand that those who want dainty embroidered underskirts and lace-inserted, hand-wrought underclothes will be wise to take time by

the forelock and secure what they require soon. At a house so celebrated for all that there is of style and prettiness in these things as Sykes Josephine, 280, Regent Street, it is found difficult to get all that is wanted from Paris. There, however, they have successfully acquired a really charming variety of blouses in the latest mode, with the requisite sloping shoulders. Particularly good is one in white guipure mixed with white point d'esprit and fine Valenciennes lace. Blouses all of lace are sold from two guineas, and there is plenty of variety to choose from, all in the newest style. Washing moirette skirts in smart and exclusive patterns, and the very latest things in underwear and stockings, at prices delightfully moderate, are among the tempting things to be found at this far-famed establishment.

A reputation for perfect-fitting corsets has been enjoyed for more years than most of us would remember by Sykes Josephine. It has been kept exceedingly well up to date, even though nowadays thirty models are required where ten would have been thought an extraordinary variety. Something quite new is an elastic corset, cut to perfection, all in one piece, and so woven that the waist part does not give, while the beautifully moulded top and bottom portions are elastic, but sufficiently resistant to keep the figure in proper order.

These are the most comfortable corsets known, also most becoming and beneficial to the figure. They are found delightful by ladies who motor, golf, play tennis, ride, or do anything requiring at once support and freedom of movement.

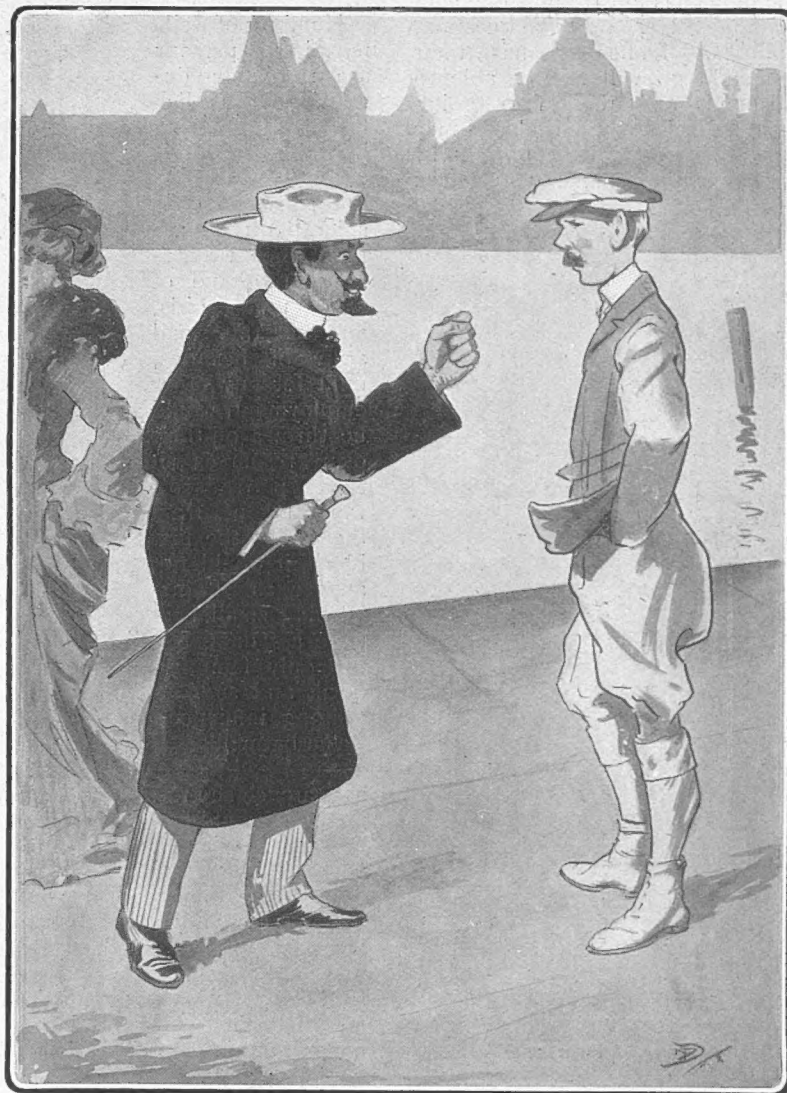
There is little doubt, despite all the talk of sport for sport's sake, that the possibilities of having a "bit on" foster enormously popular interest in horse-racing. That being so, it is obvious that a business-like system on which the sporting public can rely is a necessity. In this connection it may be noted that Mr. Daniel M. Gant, the well-known turf accountant, has built up a magnificent business, an important feature of which is the "no limit" principle. Mr. Gant takes the greatest care to keep private his client's affairs. Those interested should write to him at 25, Conduit Street, stating their requirements.

Messrs. Idris and Co., Limited, Camden Town, London, the well-known manufacturers of mineral waters, have just received the royal appointment as purveyors of mineral waters to their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain. This firm holds the royal warrant of appointment to his Majesty the King.

Throwing two lights alternately on a modelled surface, with the object of

obtaining two distinct effects or pictures, is the basis of the patent which covers the latest advertising device, entitled "Illusive Cameos," now being shown at the Hippodrome. The management of the Hippodrome are to be congratulated on having secured a form of advertisement which, whilst being eminently attractive from the public point of view, is at the same time particularly adaptable for staging purposes. The secret of the peculiar effect obtained is solely in the modelling. Particulars of the invention and terms for display at the Hippodrome can be had on application to Messrs. Burton, Goldsmith and Co., Limited, Craven House, Kingsway, W.C., who are the sole agents for the inventor.

The directors of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, intimate that, the accounts for the twelve months' trading to Jan. 31 having been duly audited by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co., they have, after making ample provision for all depreciations, etc., the payment of interim dividends on the Preference and Ordinary shares, and providing for the proportion of dividend due in respect of the Preference share capital from Sept. 26 to Jan. 31, declared a final dividend at the rate of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the six months to Jan. 31, making a total dividend of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum for the year. The sum of £5000 has been carried to the reserve fund, making the total of that fund £80,000, and the balance carried forward to the new profit-and-loss account.



THE FRENCHMAN: If I knew ze English, for ze box, I would blow your nose, by dam, I am.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 25.

PREMIUM BONDS.

SO many of our readers are interested in premium bonds, and our correspondence columns show us so conclusively that this form of investment is attracting considerable attention, that it seems to us time to say a word in these Notes on the subject.

By "premium bonds" we mean securities issued by many Continental cities, by the Congo Free State, and other like bodies, carrying a low rate of interest or no interest at all, but redeemable by half-yearly, or in some cases quarterly, drawings at all sorts of prices, from par up to some huge premium. For instance, City of Paris bonds carrying interest at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. are drawn for repayment from time to time, and the price at which any bond is redeemed depends on the chance of the drawing ranging from £4000 down to par. The same principle applies to a hundred other securities which are dealt in upon every Continental Bourse, and can be bought and sold with a little trouble on our own Stock Exchange.

To some people, this mixture of speculation and investment is attractive, and the appetite of the investor in this country is continually whetted by various touting dealers who issue circulars and pamphlets making the whole thing seem *couleur de rose*. Now, the solid facts are that the chance of each bond is merely a matter of mathematical calculation, and in most cases the investor does not get 5 per cent. for his money if you add the low interest paid to the chance of a prize in the drawing. The world, however, is not made up of mere automaton calculating-machines, and lots of people will take next to no return on their money so long as there is the off-chance of a big haul.

We are not blaming them, but if premium bonds are their particular fancy, we beg them to buy at the market price, and not at the preposterous prices which the touting dealers ask of the unwary. Take the case of a man Russell, who calls himself the International Securities Syndicate, and has been flooding the country with his pamphlets lately. He offers Congo Free State Bonds at £5 each, when the market price is £3 5s.; Ottoman Bonds at £8, when the proper quotation is £6, and other bonds in the same proportion. In other words, an investor ought to get four Ottoman bonds for the money Mr. Russell asks for three, and the result is that the buyer has only three chances of a prize instead of four.

As far as we know, all the premium bond touts play the same game with sundry variations, and we strongly recommend our readers who have a fancy for this sort of speculation to buy what they want through their own brokers, and at the lowest market prices.

Q'S ADVICE.

Our valued correspondent sends us nothing this week, but writes: "In the present condition of markets one can only recommend people to keep their money in their pockets."

ATCHISONS AND CANADAS.

There's a big fight going on, they say, on the other side of the water, with the object of getting a well-known gentleman's account closed down. This is the reason given for the acute weakness which seized upon Canadas, Hudson's Bays, and some of the Pacific stocks. If there be any truth in the rumour, the object is not at all likely to be attained, for the operator whose name the Stock Exchange takes in vain is a multi-millionaire, and a clever one at that. So soon as the struggle is over, Canadas should take a smart upward bound. After all, the fall was not so very awful, considering that the shares were at $3\frac{1}{2}$ dividend last contango day, while the attack has certainly been ferocious enough. Not to gamble in, but as a lock-up investment, Canadas are, in our opinion, worth their present price. So, too, are Atchisons. Quite lately the shares were 111, upon the talk of a 6 per cent. dividend. If the distribution is retained at its present level of 5 per cent., Atchisons below par will not be dear. But, of course, the whole Yankee market lies at the mercy of Wall Street wirepullers, and their simple policy is to line their pockets, no matter at what cost to those of anybody else.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Regarded with a Moderately Progressive eye, the markets are not much the better for the wondrous victory at the London polls, after all. The gentleman, or lady, who paid 89½ for London County Threes on the Monday morning after the declaration must be wishing he, or she, had been less precipitate. Impartial onlookers have asked whether markets would have fallen any more had the Progressives been re-elected. The question is not easily answered—though, of course, easily evaded with a reply—if one wants to be quite candid about it.

By the way, I hope the House is not losing its sense of humour. A recent exhibition of buffoonery was even called into dispute on a point of good taste, objectors complaining that the dignity of the House and its members was little advanced by some sort of jokes being carried too far. Just shows how narrow-minded people are, doesn't it!

Those who trace the present flatness of Consols and other gilt-edged stocks to the reduction of the interest from 3 per cent. to the present $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. will furthermore attribute all the financial catastrophes of the past two decades to the same cause. The Baring crisis, some will declare, can be directly indicated as the outcome of Lord Goschen's scheme. For this reason. People, they say, who were content to buy Consols paying 3 per cent. turned their thoughts to other directions when it became known that the interest was to be cut down. The demand for some fresh class of investment was quickly recognised; all sorts of propositions, good, bad, and indifferent, were thrust before the notice of those

people who formerly had considered Consols the natural channel for home investors. The unhealthy excitement thus generated led up to the Baring crisis, and there you are! I admit that the line of argument has a ring of ingenuity about it which makes one doubt its ingenuousness, but it carries an air of plausibility not altogether unconvincing.

Out of the dreary waste of the Home Railway Market, the only thing that strikes my humble fancy is Metropolitan Consolidated stock. It seems to me that there are distinct hopes for "Mets." in the future—possibly a far-away future, but one worth waiting for. The Company is, of course, borne down with difficulties arising out of the change in traction, but one of these days it will reap the benefit of good management at work under most disheartening conditions.

My word! what a fine thing it must be to run a bucket-shop! You write glowing advertisements of some stock that presents a fair prospect of falling, and then wait for greedy gudgeons to send in the shekels, as they will infallibly do, to buy call-options or to put cover-money on the stock. Consider, again. These gentlemen deal at the published tape-prices—it would be a very good thing if tape-prices were abolished altogether—and they generally select a security in which the margin of price is fairly wide. Take Canadas, when the tape-price goes out at half a point difference. It is quoted, perhaps, 180—180½. You buy at 180½, and if the price drops ½, to 179½—180, your stock is "closed" at 179½; and the cover, or call, money lost—that is, the bucket-shop risks little more than the market receding ½ in such a volatile stock as Canadas. On the other hand, a point rise makes the price 181—181½, but the man who has given 180½ has no more than ½ profit. All the betting is that he does not take so small a turn. He waits for a dollar, or two dollars, or three, and all the time the bucket-shopkeeper sits waiting for a drop of only ½, in order to snatch the man's cover. The Stock Exchange? Why trouble about laboriously making commissions there, when you have the credulity of human nature to play upon, with the advertising columns of a part of the Press to assist you?

No, I shouldn't buy Kaffirs yet. Why should I? Who cares a hang about Kaffirs? The market is maligned, though, sometimes. Even by its own dealers, too. "When other markets are good," declared a Kaffir jobber, "Kaffirs are flat; and when other markets are flat, the only difference is that Kaffirs are damned flat." There is little salvation to be seen for the market, although the remark just quoted was too scathing. Flatness elsewhere gives Kaffirs their chance of going better, and really they did try to avail themselves of it at the end of last week. The revival, however, is not coming just yet.

You hear a lot about Trunks being cheap. They would be, were it not for the Board's little fancy for putting fresh obligations in front of the junior stocks. That new issue of Trunk Pacific 4 per cent. Debentures the other day will mean an additional charge of £40,000 ahead of the Trunk Third Preference dividend for some time, and, mind you, it is only a third of what the Company has the power to issue. No less than £120,000 a year can be placed, as an annual charge, in front of Trunk Guaranteed, the Three Preferences, and the Ordinary stock. Trunk Thirds may be earning their full 4 per cent.—may even get it twelve months hence; but during the years that all the new railway construction is going on, the stock will be a highly speculative investment, worth, to my mind, not a penny piece more than 70, if as much as that.

Can't write any more to-night. I am oppressed with the knowledge that you will turn round and say there's not a single tip in the letter, except that to make money all one has to do is to run a bucket shop and advertise it sufficiently. I think a slump gets on one's nerves sometimes. Of course, it ought to provide a splendid chance for picking up cheap stock, but it looks to me as though we might have prices worse before they are better. And to throw in a few tips just for the sake of doing so is a little dodge that never appealed greatly to the fancy of

Saturday, March 9, 1907.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

C. P.—To make a profit you must risk something. If you can take up Canadian Pacifics you might as well buy them now.

KILOWATTS.—See this week's notes. You can only be secure by dealing with a respectable broker, who would be responsible in case of such a fraud as you suggest. The bonds you name are all honest and easily saleable. Thanks for your second letter. Ask one of the French banks to buy for you on the Paris Bourse.

J.—There is no reason for the fall except the present state of all markets. We consider all the shares you name worth holding.

NITROGEN.—We have heard the rumour, but do not think it is true. The report will probably be a poor one, and the insiders know it. The accounts are expected to be issued in a few days.

CHELT.—"Q" says he fears the drop in price points to a poor report. It will be out in a few days.

TONEY.—Buy either Missouri or Canadas, but don't be frightened if the fall goes further.

J. F.—We answered your letter on the 7th inst., but see answer to "Chelt."

DONEGAL.—There is no price and no market for the Gunpowder Debentures. Your only chance is to write to the secretary, who may know of a buyer. The Copper shares are not a bad gamble.

A. B.—Buy Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway stock or Trustees and Executors Ordinary stock or Maypole Dairy shares. Your bank will arrange for you.

W. W.—We never write private letters except in accordance with Rule V. The security of the bank in question would not be good enough for our own money.

SOLDIER.—See this week's notes. The International people are among the worst offenders. See the *Daily Mail* of the 7th inst. You will have nothing to do with the other firm if you are wise.

W. E. J.—See answers to "Nitrogen" and "Chelt."

SKETCHITE.—The Company's latest report is enough to account for fluctuations. The uncertainty caused by the concealment of the real profit has been a bad thing. Add to this that very little selling or buying affects the price considerably, and you know as much as we do. The shares are not a bad speculative purchase at present prices.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Hurst Park I fancy Rayon for the Spring Hurdle; Fetlar's Pride for the Bushey Steeplechase; Quassia for the Richmond Hurdle, and Tabasco for the New Century Steeplechase. At Lingfield the following should go close—March Hurdle, Turbulent; Hare Hurdle, Jack; Grinstead Steeplechase, Halival; Gentlemen Riders' Steeplechase, Sexton. For the Haydock Meeting I fancy the following—Golborne Hurdle, Romer; Newton Steeplechase, Arnold. At Lincoln I fancy His Eminence for the Lincoln Handicap, and Nurang for the Elsham Plate; Gala may win the Trial Plate, and Honolulu the Bathany Plate.

THE MERE MAN.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS.

IF we may judge by the crowds which assemble every day on the tow-path at Putney to see the University crews embark and disembark, there is no falling-off in the interest attaching to the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race. Every year we are told that the attention paid to the men grows less and less, but every year those of us who are fairly faithful on the tow-path find the crowd as big, if not bigger, than ever, and quite as omniscient. It may seem odd that a private match between two seats of learning should attract people who have never even seen one of the University towns; but, after all, it is only natural, considering the real sporting nature of the event. We flatter ourselves that we are above all things sportsmen; and it is from that point of view that the race appeals to the average man.

This feeling was very well expressed by a sportsman, not a rowing man, who was asked why he took an interest in a boat-race when boating was not a sport that he ever practised. He replied that he looked upon it as one of the few big races of the year in which you could be absolutely sure that every man was doing his utmost.

In the Cambridge crew there is only one man who has not rowed the Boat-Race course at least once before, and he is J. S. Burn, of First Trinity, who, however, is a fine oar, who has done good service at Cambridge and elsewhere. B. C. Johnstone, the C.U.B.C. President, has already rowed three times against Oxford and once against Harvard, so that he is now rowing the long and trying Putney to Mortlake course for the fifth time. Goldsmith, Benham, and Stuart all rowed twice last year, against Oxford and Harvard, while Powell rowed in the race with Oxford, but was unable to row against Harvard. The other two men, Baynes and Close-Brooks, were the new members who rowed in the Harvard race, so that there is plenty of experience in the boat, and it is, moreover, to be noted that the only man who has rowed a losing race is B. C. Johnstone, who, after being one of the winning crew in 1904, was one of the losers against Oxford in 1905.

A peculiarity about the Cambridge boat is that the majority of the men come from non-rowing schools, for only two of the crew are Eton men, while Radley and Bedford are not only not represented in the Cambridge crew, but also in the Oxford crew. The two Etonians are B. C. Johnstone and E. W. Powell; A. B. Close-

Brooks comes from Winchester, J. H. F. Benham from Fauconbergh, H. M. Goldsmith from Sherborne, J. S. Burn from Harrow, H. G. Baynes from Leighton Park, D. C. R. Stuart from Cheltenham, and R. Boyle, the coxswain, from Bradfield. Last year, the Cambridge boat which rowed against Oxford had four Etonian oars, as well as the coxswain.

Of the colleges, Trinity is, of course, that which has the most representatives, First Trinity having Close-Brooks, Burn, and Baynes; while Third Trinity has Johnstone and Powell. Jesus has two representatives—Goldsmith and Benham; and Trinity Hall, Stuart among the oarsmen and Boyle, the coxswain. At Cambridge men are never so generally divided among the colleges as at Oxford, for Trinity is so huge, and usually gets all the Eton rowing-men who go up to Cambridge, so that the majority of the Blues come from that college. Trinity Hall and Jesus are the two other colleges which often provide Blues, and Lady Margaret, Caius, and sometimes Emmanuel have men in the boat, though they are not represented this year.

At Oxford the majority of the men are Old Etonians, no fewer than five—H. C. Bucknall, the President, G. E. Hope, A. G. Kirby, E. H. L. Southwell, and A. C. Gladstone—hailing from that school, as well as A. W. Donkin, the coxswain. The other three come from North-Country schools: W. T. Heard from Fettes, R. M. Peat from Sedbergh, and J. A. Gillan from Edinburgh Academy. It is no doubt a great advantage to be able to call on Etonians, for rowing is an art that is better learnt young, and at no school is rowing taught so thoroughly and completely as it is at Eton. It was to the number of first-rate Eton oars who went up to Oxford in the 'nineties that the long succession of Dark Blue victories was chiefly due. The only man who has rowed twice against Cambridge is H. C. Bucknall, the President, who was stroke in 1905 and in 1906, winning on the first occasion and losing on the second. Of the others, Kirby and Gladstone rowed in the losing boat last year.

The college which has a majority of the men is Magdalen, which sends no fewer than three oarsmen: Gillan, Kirby, and Southwell, and also the coxswain, Donkin. Christ Church has two representatives—Hope and Gladstone; while Heard comes from Balliol, Bucknall from Merton, and Peat from Trinity. Thus five colleges are represented, against three at Cambridge. Oxford has five men quite new to the championship course, whereas Cambridge has only one; and experience in the University Boat-Race, as in everything else, is a very valuable factor.

COLEMAN'S

"WINCARNIS"

OUR GREATEST BLOOD TONIC



TO RAISE THE
NATURAL STAMINA.

"RUN DOWN"

The difficulty of preventing oneself from being "run down" is on the increase, owing, no doubt, to the strenuousness of life in these days, and it is interesting to note that the "Lancet," after discussing the matter at some length, gives some very practical advice to sufferers. Usually the "run down" person is advised to take a few months' holiday, a prescription that is not easy for everyone to take. Of course, the person smiles in a hopeless kind of way, and simply goes on till he collapses altogether. The "Lancet" wisely suggests that the brain should be trained to switch itself off from the continued strain of business or professional complexities as soon as active work stops. In other words, instead of taking worry home with you, leave it in the office, and have some other hobby when you reach home. Give the brain relaxation. But when you are at business and feel ready to drop, take a glass of "Wincarnis," take it regularly every day and note the steady improvement in tone. Give up alcoholic stimulants which are only transient in effect, and stick to "Wincarnis" which is delicious and permanent in benefit.

TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS

Dr. OSLER very truly says that by maintaining the nutrition of the blood at a high standard of aggressive activity we insure ourselves against disease. The most famous restorative is "Wincarnis," and this tonic is favoured by the medical profession simply because it will do all that is claimed for it. It feeds the blood, fills it with new life and vigour, and reinforces the circulation with aggressive activity.

Send three penny stamps to pay carriage, and you will receive a sample bottle gratis.

NAME

ADDRESS

"Sketch," March 13, 1907.

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